

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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LORD MACAULAY.

BY THE REV. P. D. MAURICE.

THE suggestion that Lord Macaulay should be buried in Westminster Abbey, from whomsoever it proceeded, was at once hailed as a right and reasonable one by the English public. The national cemetery is to preserve the remains of those who have done any considerable work for the nation, who in any period have acted upon its mind, or represented its mind. The Dean and Chapter do not constitute a tribunal for judging what the form or quality of their influence has been, whether it has originated with them or has belonged to their circumstances, whether it is to last for all time or is limited to a particular time. They are not to pronounce on the right of this or that person to canonization, or to hear what an *Advocatus Diaboli* has to allege against him. They are merely to register facts which cannot be gainsayed. I say this, distinctly remembering that the Abbey is not a mausoleum, but a Christian church. Because it is that, it should contain a record of the men upon whom God has bestowed any remarkable gifts for the use of their generation; it should refer the powers with which men are endowed to their right source. It cannot bear any better witness against the misuse of them than this.

No doubt the functionaries of the Cathedral may have been thankful that in this instance no possible pretext could have been found for remonstrating

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against the honour, and that the reasons for bestowing it were so undeniable. Since no one charge has ever been brought against the personal or the political life of Lord Macaulay; since a circle of distinguished and irreproachable men called him friend; since, with strong Whig convictions, he was singularly free from asperity or unfairness towards men of the opposite school, and in his very latest Essay did signal justice to the memory of its favourite hero; since his accomplishments were most various, his memory vast, his scholarship real; since he did not betake himself to literature because he had failed as an orator or a statesman, but that he might make the powers which he had proved himself to possess in both capacities more generally and permanently useful; it would be difficult to conceive any one whose right to rest among the distinguished Englishmen of other days could be less easily or less fairly questioned.

I have said that this dignity ought to be conceded without any previous attempt to weigh the merits of a great man against his defects, the benefits which he may have conferred upon his country against any possible mischiefs which may have accompanied those benefits. It is equally obvious that it cannot preclude such an inquiry, or be assumed as in any degree prejudging the result of it. Nevertheless, it seems to me that we are taking the wisest as well

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as the most graceful course if we resolve to give an account to ourselves of the good which we fancy we have gained from any man whom his contemporaries have delighted to honour before we make conjectures about the evil. Our credits and debts may be balanced hereafter. It is surely better and safer to be grateful before we complain, if it was only because the complaints themselves, supposing it is necessary to make any, become more intelligible by the contrast.

I cannot read Lord Macaulay's *SPEECHES* without feeling that they are more than mere brilliant compositions, such as every one will at once allow them to be. They are, I conceive, documents of very great value for that important portion of English history which is included between the latter years of George IV.'s reign, and the commencement of the reign of Queen Victoria. What questions were occupying people then, how they were viewed by those who were most in sympathy with the feelings and movements of the time, we learn from these speeches more than from any of those that were delivered by older men of his own side or of the other side, by the more advanced Liberals amongst his contemporaries, by those whom the House of Commons might regard as more accomplished debaters, by those who may be hereafter thought of as possessing a more philosophical insight or foresight. He appears to have had just that combination of knowledge of the past and sympathy with the present which enabled him to exhibit the middle-class movement in its most agreeable, historical, reasonable form, to bring the old aristocratical Whiggism into conformity with it, to hold it forth as the great protection against the perils which might be threatening from any other quarter. I do not say what M. Guizot and others may have been doing at the same time in France for this end and in this direction. But in England, I apprehend, no one will be found who has made and will make that particular form of thought and feeling which belongs to the crisis of the Reform Bill,

so intelligible as Lord Macaulay—not only to persons who agree with his conclusions, but to those who, on one ground or other, dissent from them.

There was danger that a man taking up such a position would have cherished a merely cold balancing intellect, out of which no powerful eloquence can ever come. The passionate impulses which were urging men's minds during the Reform Bill agitation, might have saved any one who was still young from this peril. Lord Macaulay owed his deliverance from it, I think, also, to another cause, which ought never to be forgotten in estimating his influence upon his time. It is a great thing for a man to inherit a cause, to be quickened by the traditions of his infancy when he is likely to be cooled by the society into which he falls in his manhood. Lord Macaulay's first public appearance was at an anti-slavery meeting. It is impossible not to trace the effect of his early convictions upon that subject in all his after parliamentary discourses, though they might have no direct reference to Negroes. They gave that moral purpose to what would otherwise have been merely skilful intellectual efforts, which alone invests such efforts with any real power, which makes the contemplation of them even endurable when the temporary excitement which provoked them has passed away. The Whig politicians may have boasted that they had brought over a man from the ranks of the Saints to serve in their own ranks. They did not know how much more effectually he fought for them from the training he had received in the other camp.

Lord Macaulay began with a speech on slavery. One of his latest speeches, and the one which for the mere winning of votes is perhaps unparalleled in parliamentary history, was made in defending the privilege of the Master of the Rolls to sit in the House of Commons. The descent from a cause in which three Continents are interested to one which can have little more than an antiquarian interest for any one but the able judge whose seat was under discussion, is

significant, I conceive, of several things. The ability of Lord Macaulay was greater in the last period of his House of Commons' displays than in the first. His faculties were matured, the circle of his knowledge was wider. But the latter period had ceased to be *his* period as a statesman. All those questions which were raised by the year 1848, questions affecting the most practical details of existence, questions reaching into the very depths of social and personal life, were not his questions. The plummets which had been sufficient for the "three Days" and the Reform Bill, evidently failed in this new emergency. It ought to be received as another proof of Lord Macaulay's wisdom, that he understood clearly that he ought not to venture upon these, that he should be using his talent to far better purpose if he discoursed about the seat of the Master of the Rolls. Such sound judgment is itself a sign of his completeness within his own sphere. May not those young statesmen who must grapple with the subjects with which he felt that he was not intended to grapple, profit by his silence even more than they could by his speech? Will they not understand that something more is required from them than was possible even for the ablest of their predecessors? Will they think that they can be to the next time even as much as he has been to this, if they merely give themselves to cold speculations on the one hand, or to the most painful and praiseworthy diligence in details on the other? Do they not want more study of principles, more enthusiasm than were in him, that they may not be crushed under the weight both of speculations and details, that they may become neither metaphysicians nor plodders, but serious, warm-hearted, hopeful men?

The compositions of Lord Macaulay to which I have alluded, would never recall that illustrious Whig of the eighteenth century beside whose monument his remains are laid. His *ESSAYS* make us think of Addison, though at first they rather suggest the amazing difference

between the two men and the two periods. The *Spectator* and the *Edinburgh Review*—what two works in the same language were ever so utterly unlike? Nor is the contrast only between the founders of that celebrated journal or its Scotch contributors, who introduced such a new and dashing style of writing, and the most quiet, graceful, idiomatic of all Englishmen. It was scarcely less strong between him and the vigorous young man who revived an interest in the work when it was falling into decrepitude. Much as Lord Macaulay admired Addison, he had far too good sense to attempt an imitation of the forms of his thought, when he knew that in spirit they were so widely apart, and belonged to such dissimilar times. Nevertheless, there is a sense in which Lord Macaulay was influenced by his predecessor, and influenced, I conceive, most beneficially. The *Edinburgh Review* had established the *We* ascendancy more completely than it had ever been established before. The great talent and vivacity of the writers, of Lord Jeffrey and Sydney Smith especially, caused them to be recognised by degrees as individual men. As they became better known in other spheres of work, the veil grew every day more transparent. Still it *was* a veil. And the use of the *We* was more and more regarded as exceedingly clever, connected with a set of cant phrases which were appropriate to Reviews, and which young writers were eager to adopt. Ever and anon ridiculous contradictions mingled with this affectation. When the roar of the lion very much affrighted the ladies, Bottom the Weaver and Snug the Joiner had to announce that they were not lions at all, and meant no harm. Still there were too many reasons which made the disguise both agreeable and convenient for private and party uses, not to ensure its continuance. Many who had no such motives for concealment really shrank from what seemed to them the impertinence of the *I*, though they had often cause to confess afterwards that they had been guilty of impertinences under the cover of the *We*, which made

them profoundly ashamed when they were roused to a sense of their personal responsibility.

Lord Macaulay did very much to overthrow *Wedom*. From the moment that he began to write in the *Edinburgh Review*, he was recognised as a distinct person. No one set the least store by his plural. As long as he was half a boy, he had an evident pleasure in using it. When he became a man, and contrasted such language with that of the great writers of England, he must have perceived how far more genuine the *I* of the *Spectator* was. His articles might be published before or after those of Lord Jeffrey, of Sydney Smith, of Sir James Stephen. The appearance of all with the names of the authors was an indication of the same feeling, a confession of the same fact. The anonymous covering had worn itself out; the Review phraseology, being always artificial, had now become powerless. In many quarters it would still be prized; in some it might be still even desirable. But it was the figment of another time, which, if it was ever serviceable for good ends, had nearly done its work. These writers did not say that it should be dispensed with in the *newspaper*. They were, I conceive, witnesses that for the *Review* or the *Magazine* it is practically obsolete.

I believe I am doing no injustice to Lord Macaulay's Essays in fixing upon the general absence of reviewing cant as one of their best characteristics. Their positive merits are closely connected with that negative one. The writer is not one of a *clique* which holds itself bound to denounce all writers who transgress certain conventional canons of taste. If he succumbs to some of the traditional hates of the Review, he rebels against others. Southey's transgressions in his earliest and latest phases of opinion against the Whig standard of orthodoxy could not be forgiven; but Lord Macaulay has courage to avow himself almost a Wordsworthian: evidently regarding Jeffrey's balls as spent and harmless. I do not say that he belongs to another school of criticism

from the Review; but I cannot help thinking he has prepared the way for another. Evidently there is no stopping where he stopped. Criticism must become an altogether different thing from that which it has been under the *We* sceptre, if that sceptre is broken. It is not the substitution of the singular number for the plural, of Christian name and surname for anonymous authority, which will make us just to our contemporaries or to the times gone by. Lord Macaulay had the merit that he dealt with the one and the other much in the same way. He was not at all harder upon Bentham than he was upon Bacon. But he did bring the habits of the Reviewer to bear upon both. In the presence of both he was the judge, not the learner. We ought not to copy him. We ought to learn from *him* all we can; not to set ourselves up to judge and condemn him. Then we shall find that there are a great many things which he does not teach us at all, and some which he would hinder us from learning. In general we shall be thankful to him for the persons he has taught us to respect and appreciate; not at all thankful to him where he has taught us to disparage and to dislike. For just so far as he has done this, he has helped to deprive us of our standard; so that if he praises any persons more than they deserve, or for qualities which do not deserve praise, we are unable to correct him; our judgment has become the mere tool of his.

Every one would consider it a fall to speak of the *Cato* after the *Spectator*: it is scarcely less a fall to speak of Lord Macaulay's BALLADS after his Essays. Still one cannot help admiring the judiciousness which chose that kind of poetry wherein an orator was capable of making an impression, avoiding all forms of poetry that demand the faculty divine in its higher sense. If he could not reach Addison's excellence in prose, he could escape his great error in attempting a drama or an epic. He had, no doubt, his age, and the severer demands which it makes upon those



who wander into these regions, in part to thank for this abstinence. But it is not every man with ambition and strong consciousness of power who finds out what he is capable of, even if his contemporaries have ever such severe rules and enforce them ever so strictly. Whether it was right or not to connect the romantic forms with the legends of ancient Rome, we must all, I should think, be glad to possess those rattling and spirited songs. They have contributed to the enjoyment of young readers, and they appear to show that there was a youthful heart in the writer.

And now, finally, about the HISTORY. What has that done for us? what may it do? We may ask this question in a vague sort of way, understanding by the word "us" all people except ourselves; trying to speculate upon the influence which the book may have exerted or may exert hereafter on that which we call *the public*. I do not take the words in that sense. I find in myself a great pleasure in reading this history; I suppose it is a pleasure of the same kind with that which other readers experience, and which has caused so many thousand copies of it to be circulated. If I give account to myself as well as I can of this satisfaction, I may also discover the secret of the *dissatisfaction* which I am conscious of, and which I suspect is as little peculiar, and may interpret some of the grumbings which our countrymen mingle with this, as they are wont to do with their other, feasts. I cannot attribute my agreeable sensations when I am looking over Lord Macaulay's narrative, merely to the vivacity of the style. Hume's is as transparent a medium for transmitting thoughts to the mind, and yet I suffer a certain annoyance when I read a chapter of Hume, which is wholly absent in the other case. It costs me an effort to do justice to the ability of Hume, great and evident as that is, whereas the homage to Lord Macaulay is altogether natural and spontaneous. I conclude, therefore, that I am more *en rapport* on some ground or other with the historian of the nineteenth than with

him of the eighteenth century. Nor is it hard to discover why. Macaulay accepts much of what we have been slowly learning in the period since Hume's day. Those whom the sceptic thought merely ridiculous, are owned by his successor as men of real power and worth. Bunyan from a fanatic becomes a man of genius. All who disgusted the serene indifference of the older time, are assumed as having done a great work for ours. It is just to this point that we have most of us come by different routes; and the historian who goes along with us, if he has not a fourth of Lord Macaulay's talent, is inevitably a favourite. He would not, however, be a favourite long, if he merely affected this state of feeling out of deference to a general opinion. In Macaulay it was not the least affected or assumed. That advantage of education to which I have alluded in speaking of his political career, is even a more striking element in his success as an historian. He brought feelings with him which no man merely formed in a Whig school could have possessed. They were no doubt tempered by the atmosphere of that school, strip of all disreputable vehemence, turned into a graceful and not too condescending patronage of the uncourtly men whom we are bidden to admire. But all the homage which is withdrawn from them is in fact paid to us. We feel how very good we are for liking these good people, whose weaknesses we nevertheless see through and are free from. The historian does not mean to flatter us, but he does flatter us in the most delicate fashion. We are all sensible of it, and return his compliments in gratitude and respect.

This respect and gratitude dispose us to receive his portraits of those persons of whom we know less, or about whom we are more indifferent, with little questioning. It is always pleasant to surrender ourselves to an author when we feel we can do it safely. And into whose hands can we yield ourselves more safely than to one who evidently knows his subject so well; who speaks with such clearness and decision; who states the grounds of his judgments in a manner so intelligible to all of us; who appears to

examine every action by a strict moral rule, and yet by one which is not too high for us, which we can all recognise, which, in fact, is deduced for the most part from habits and practices where-with respectable people in our century are in general conformity? What a sense of virtue and dignity it confers on us to feel that the statesmen, lawyers, divines, generals, of a former age are all brought to our bar, and that we can, through the mouth of a most learned and impartial judge, pronounce our sentence upon their shortcomings and misdoings!

I do not myself think that these reasons would be sufficient to explain the gratification which Macaulay affords us,—no, nor that all his great accomplishments would—if there had not been one character in his History which is set before us for our admiration, and not for our criticism. The reader of Lord Macaulay thanks him for his portrait of William III. on quite another ground from that on which he thanks him either for his Bunyan or his Marlborough. He feels that the historian looked up to this person as above himself, as possessing something of a gigantic and mysterious character. It is a real service to mankind, that the cold dry Dutchman of our boyish imagination should have acquired these new proportions and this richer colouring. If some dark features are kept hidden, if one evil deed is treated with the skill of a special-pleader rather than the fidelity of an earnest inquirer, one may easily forget such offences in consideration of the cordial attachment which the writer has conceived for his subject, and which in a measure, he imparts to us. And this is an attachment which, though directed to the hero whom all Whigs would wish to extol, no mere Whig of Brookes's, not Charles James Fox, nor Lord John Russell, could possibly have felt. Lord Macaulay could perceive that the real sublimity of William's character lay in his predestinarian faith, in his acknowledgment of an eternal Will which was directing his purposes and movements. To them this faith would only have seemed one of the re-

pulsive qualities of his mind, which ought to be overlooked because he had saved the British Constitution.

The importance of William's character to Macaulay's History, should make us deplore less, I conceive, the lost decades of that History. The book is more complete now than it could have been if it had been continued to the French Revolution. It derives a dramatic unity from the presence of the Prince of Orange, which it must have lost in the eighteenth century. Brilliant pictures there might have been in that century, such as we already have in the Essays, of particular men; but I do not see what could have connected those men together, or have given us the feeling that they were anything but actors, playing their parts and leaving the stage because others were waiting to fill it; what could have made us aware that the life of a Nation is a continuous life, and that there are permanent principles which bind the ages into one.

That Macaulay gives us so little help in realizing this sense of continuance, in discovering what that is which lasts on amidst all changes, is, I apprehend, the secret of the dissatisfaction which I said had been experienced by readers who were as ready as any to acknowledge how much pleasure he had afforded them. The Tudor times, as they present themselves to us in Mr. Froude's narrative, make us understand what the power of the Sovereign has been in English history; how in the exercise of that power the nation has recognised what is precious, divine, conservative of its liberties, helpful to reformation, more to be cared for than all sects and opinions. In the Stuart period, as Mr. Carlyle sets it forth, there rises up the vision of a kingdom of God which Independents, Quakers, Fifth Monarchy men are all seeking for, which Cromwell devotes all his spiritual energies and his great practical sagacity to substantiate. Each of these conceptions is assuredly imperfect. That which is strongest in the first seems weakest in the subsequent period. If Mr. Carlyle is right,

the highest object which it is possible for man to set before him, melted into thin air when Richard took the place of Oliver. We want some one to tell us what there is in common between these two apparently contradictory eras, and whether what Cromwell believed to be everlasting was dependent upon his not being stabbed. On such points as these Lord Macaulay tells us nothing. The facts upon which his contemporaries grounded their observations, were scarcely facts to him, or only such facts as could be accounted for in the simplest way and without any trouble. But if we ignore them or account for them in that way when we meet with them in the records of the past, what are we to do when they confront us in the experience of the present? These problems are not of yesterday but of to-day; they encounter us in every newspaper. Papal allocutions, imperial letters, all force them upon us. The solution must be sought, not that our theories may be more exact and complete, but that our practice may not be confused and monstrous.

My conclusion, then, is this. There was a remarkable harmony in the mind and purposes of Lord Macaulay. As statesman, critic, poet, historian, he exhibited the same character; he was working for the same ends. He could estimate with great sagacity, and state with exquisite clearness and force, what those changes in the government of the country are which the popular feeling demands and which cannot be denied. He could joyfully acknowledge the value of reforms which the toils and unpopularity of previous thinkers and doers had made inevitable. He could give us the most satisfactory arguments

for believing that our time was better and happier than any that had preceded it. He could convince us to our great comfort, as no one else could, what sound standards for measuring events and characters we have attained. He could imitate in stirring and admirable verses those songs which had expressed the beliefs and feelings of a previous generation.

The tribute, then, that we, one and all, rendered to his abilities whilst he was amongst us, great as it may have been, was not marvellous. To after-times he will tell, better than all his contemporaries, what we thought of ourselves. We owed him all honours of sepulture, because so much is buried with him. He did all that he undertook to do perfectly. He has left no germs of thought to be developed hereafter. He defended no truths which were disputed in his own time, and which the experience of after-times may vindicate. His fields have been fought gallantly, his palms have been won. Let the young men of our day assure themselves that they cannot fight *those* fields or win *those* palms. If they try to copy him, they will copy badly, and they will dwarf their own souls in the effort. They must not affect contentment with all they see around them, for they feel discontent. They must not try to be complete, for their best strength lies in their aspirations after something which they have not reached. May God prevent their discontent from wasting itself in complaints of their time or of other men! May God give their aspirations an object that will satisfy them! Whatever Lord Macaulay may have done or may do for them, this, assuredly, he has not done and will not do.

## TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

## CHAPTER X.

## SUMMER TERM.

How many spots in life are there which will bear comparison with the beginning of our second term at the University? So far as external circumstances are concerned, it seems hard to know what a man could find to ask for at that period of his life, if a fairy godmother were to alight in his rooms and offer him the usual three wishes. The sailor who had asked for "all the grog in the world," and "all the baccy in the world," was indeed driven to "a little more baccy" as his third requisition; but, at any rate, his two first requisitions were to some extent grounded on what he held to be substantial wants; he felt himself actually limited in the matters of grog and tobacco. The condition which Jack would have been in as a wisher, if he had been started on his quest with the assurance that his utmost desires in the direction of alcohol and narcotics were already provided for, and must be left out of the question, is the only one affording a pretty exact parallel to the case we are considering. In our second term we are no longer freshmen, and begin to feel ourselves at home, while both "smalls" and "greats" are sufficiently distant to be altogether ignored if we are that way inclined, or to be looked forward to with confidence that the game is in our own hands if we are reading men. Our financial position—unless we have exercised rare ingenuity in involving ourselves—is all that heart can desire; we have ample allowances paid in quarterly to the University bankers without thought or trouble of ours, and our credit is at its zenith. It is a part of our recognised duty to repay the hospitality we have received as freshmen; and all men will be sure to come to our first parties, to see how we do the

thing; it will be our own faults if we do not keep them in future. We have not had time to injure our characters to any material extent with the authorities of our own college, or of the university. Our spirits are never likely to be higher, or our digestions better. These and many other comforts and advantages environ the fortunate youth returning to Oxford after his first vacation; thrice fortunate however, if, as happened in our hero's case, it is Easter term to which he is returning; for that Easter term, with the four days' vacation, and little Trinity term at the end of it, is surely the cream of the Oxford year. Then, even in this our stern northern climate, the sun is beginning to have power, the days have lengthened out, great-coats are unnecessary at morning chapel, and the miseries of numbed hands and shivering skins no longer accompany every pull on the river and canter on Bullingdon. In Christ Church meadows and the college gardens the birds are making sweet music in the tall elms: you may almost hear the thick grass growing, and the buds on tree and shrub are changing from brown, red, or purple, to emerald green under your eyes; the glorious old city is putting on her best looks and bursting out into laughter and song. In a few weeks the races begin, and Cowley marsh will be alive with white tents and joyous cricketers. A quick ear, on the towing-path by the Gut, may feast at one time on those three sweet sounds, the thud thud of the eight-oar, the crack of the rifles at the weirs, and the click of the bat on the Magdalen ground. And then Commemoration rises in the background with its clouds of fair visitors, and visions of excursions to Woodstock and Nuneham in the summer days—of windows open on to the old quadrangles in the long still evenings, through which silver laughter and

strains of sweet music, not made by man, steal out and puzzle the old celibate jackdaws peering down from the battlements with heads on one side. To crown all, long vacation, beginning with the run to Henley regatta, or up to town to see the match with Cambridge at Lord's, and taste some of the sweets of the season, before starting on some pleasant tour or reading party, or dropping back into the quiet pleasures of English country life! Surely, the lot of young Englishmen who frequent our universities is cast in pleasant places; the country has a right to expect something from those for whom she finds such a life as this in the years when enjoyment is keenest.

Tom was certainly alive to the advantages of the situation, and entered on his kingdom without any kind of scruple. He was very glad to find things so pleasant, and quite resolved to make the best he could of them. Then he was in a particularly good humour with himself; for, in deference to the advice of Hardy, he had actually fixed on the books which he should send in for his little-go examination before going down for the Easter vacation, and had read them through at home, devoting an hour or two almost daily to this laudable occupation. So he felt himself entitled to take things easily on his return. He had brought back with him two large hampers of good sound wine, a gift from his father, who had a horror of letting his son set before his friends the fire-water which is generally sold to the undergraduate. Tom found that his father's notions of the rate of consumption prevalent in the university were wild in the extreme. "In his time," the squire said, "eleven men came to his first wine party, and he had opened nineteen bottles of port for them. He was very glad to hear that the habits of the place had changed so much for the better; and as Tom wouldn't want nearly so much wine, he should have it out of an older bin." Accordingly the port which Tom employed the first hour after his return in stacking carefully away in his cellar had been more than twelve years in bottle, and

he thought with unmixed satisfaction of the pleasing effect it would have on Jervis and Miller, and the one or two other men who knew good wine from bad, and guided public opinion on the subject, and of the social importance which he would soon attain to from the reputation of giving good wine.

The idea of entertaining, of being hospitable, is a pleasant and fascinating one to most young men; but the act soon gets to be a bore to all but a few curiously constituted individuals. With these hospitality becomes first a passion and then a faith—a faith the practice of which, in the cases of some of its professors, reminds one strongly of the hints on such subjects scattered about the New Testament. Most of us, I fear, feel, when our friends leave us, a certain sort of satisfaction, not unlike that of paying a bill; they have been done for, and can't expect anything more for a long time. Such thoughts never occur to your really hospitable man. Long years of narrow means cannot hinder him from keeping open house for whoever wants to come to him, and setting the best of everything before all comers. He has no notion of giving you anything but the best he can command, if it be only fresh porter from the nearest mews. He asks himself not, "Ought I to invite A or B? do I owe him anything?" but, "Would A or B like to come here?" Give me these men's houses for real enjoyment, though you never get anything very choice there,—(how can a man produce old wine who gives his oldest every day?)—seldom much elbow room or orderly arrangement. The high arts of gastronomy and scientific drinking, so much valued in our highly civilized community, are wholly unheeded by him, are altogether above him, are cultivated in fact by quite another set, who have very little of the genuine spirit of hospitality in them; from whose tables, should one by chance happen upon them, one rises certainly with a feeling of satisfaction and expansion, chiefly physical, so far as I can judge, but entirely with-



out that expansion of heart which one gets at the scramble of the hospitable man. So that we are driven to remark, even in such every-day matters as these, that it is the invisible, the spiritual, which after all gives value and reality even to dinners; and, with Solomon, to prefer to the most touching *dinner Russe*, the dinner of herbs where love is, though I trust that neither we nor Solomon should object to well-dressed cutlets with our salad, if they happened to be going.

Readers will scarcely need to be told that one of the first things Tom did, after depositing his luggage and unpacking his wine, was to call at Hardy's rooms, where he found his friend deep as usual in his books, the hard-worked atlases and dictionaries of all sorts taking up more space than ever. After the first hearty greetings, Tom occupied his old place with much satisfaction.

"How long have you been up, old fellow?" he began; "you look quite settled."

"I only went home for a week. Well, what have you been doing in the vacation?"

"Oh, there was nothing much going on; so, amongst other things, I've floored my little-go work."

"Bravo! you'll find the comfort of it now. I hardly thought you would take to the grind so easily."

"It's pleasant enough for a spurt," said Tom; "but I shall never manage a horrid perpetual grind like yours. But what in the world have you been doing to your walls?"

Tom might well ask, for the corners of Hardy's room were covered with sheets of paper of different sizes, pasted against the wall in groups. In the line of sight from about the height of four to six feet, there was scarcely an inch of the original paper visible, and round each centre group there were outlying patches and streamers, stretching towards floor or ceiling, or away nearly to the bookcases or fireplace.

"Well, don't you think it a great improvement on the old paper?" said Hardy. "I shall be out of rooms next

term, and it will be a hint to the College that the rooms want papering. You're no judge of such matters, or I should ask you whether you don't see great artistic taste in the arrangement."

"Why, they're nothing but maps, and lists of names and dates," said Tom, who had got up to examine the decorations. "And what in the world are all these queer pins for?" he went on, pulling a strong pin with a large red sealing-wax head out of the map nearest to him.

"Hallo! take care there; what are you about?" shouted Hardy, getting up and hastening to the corner. "Why, you irreverent beggar, those pins are the famous statesmen and warriors of Greece and Rome."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I didn't know I was in such august company;" saying which, Tom proceeded to stick the red-headed pin back into the wall.

"Now, just look at that," said Hardy, taking the pin out from the place where Tom had stuck it. "Pretty doings there would be amongst them with your management. This pin is Brasidas; you've taken him away from Naupactus, where he was watching the eleven Athenian galleys anchored under the temple of Apollo, and struck him down right in the middle of the Pnyx, where he will be instantly torn in pieces by a ruthless and reckless Jacobin mob. You call yourself a Tory indeed! However, 'twas always the same with you Tories; calculating, cruel, and jealous. Use your leaders up, and throw them over—that's the golden rule of aristocracies."

"Hang Brasidas," said Tom, laughing; "stick him back at Naupactus again. Here, which is Cleon? The scoundrel! give me hold of him, and I'll put him in a hot berth."

"That's he, with the yellow head. Let him alone, I tell you, or all will be hopeless confusion when Grey comes for his lecture. We're only in the third year of the war."

"I like your chaff about Tories sacrificing their great men," said Tom, putting his hands in his pockets to avoid

temptation. "How about your precious democracy, old fellow? Which is Socrates?"

"Here, the dear old boy!—this pin with the great grey head, in the middle of Athens, you see. I pride myself on my Athens. Here's the Piræus and the long walls, and the hill of Mars. Isn't it as good as a picture?"

"Well, it is better than most maps, I think," said Tom; "but you're not going to slip out so easily. I want to know whether your pet democracy did or did not murder Socrates."

"I'm not bound to defend democracies. But look at my pins. It may be the natural fondness of a parent, but I declare they seem to me to have a great deal of character, considering the material. You'll guess them at once, I'm sure, if you mark the colour and shape of the wax. This one now, for instance, who is he?"

"Alcibiades," answered Tom, doubtfully.

"Alcibiades!" shouted Hardy; "you fresh from Rugby, and not know your Thucydides better than that? There's Alcibiades, that little purple-headed, foppish pin, by Socrates. This rusty-coloured one is that respectable old stick-in-the-mud, Nicias."

"Well, but you've made Alcibiades nearly the smallest of the whole lot," said Tom.

"So he was, to my mind," said Hardy; "just the sort of insolent young ruffian whom I should have liked to buy at my price, and sell at his own. He must have been very like some of our gentlemen-commoners, with the addition of brains."

"I should really think, though," said Tom, "it must be a capital plan for making you remember the history."

"It is, I flatter myself. I've long had the idea, but I should never have worked it out and found the value of it but for Grey. I invented it to coach him in his history. You see we are in the Grecian corner. Over there is the Roman. You'll find Livy and Tacitus worked out there, just as Herodotus and Thucydides are here; and the pins are

stuck for the Second Punic War, where we are just now. I shouldn't wonder if Grey got his first, after all, he's picking up so quick in my corners; and says he never forgets any set of events when he has pricked them out with the pins."

"Is he working at that school still?" asked Tom.

"Yes, as hard as ever. He didn't go down for the vacation, and I really believe it was because the curate told him the school would go wrong if he went away."

"It's very plucky of him, but I do think he's a great fool not to knock it off now till he has passed, don't you?"

"No," said Hardy; "he is getting more good there than he can ever get in the schools, though I hope he'll do well in them too."

"Well, I hope so; for he deserves it. And now, Hardy, to change the subject, I'm going to give my first wine next Thursday; and here's the first card which has gone out for it. You'll promise me to come, now, won't you?"

"What a hurry you're in," said Hardy, taking the card, which he put on his mantelpiece, after examining it.

"But you'll promise to come, now?"

"I'm very hard at work; I can't be sure."

"You needn't stay above half an hour. I've brought back some famous wine from the governor's cellar; and I want so to get you and Jervis together. He is sure to come."

"Why, that's the bell for chapel beginning already," said Hardy; "I had no notion it was so late. I must be off, to put the new servitor up to his work. Will you come in after Hall?"

"Yes, if you will come to me next Thursday."

"We'll talk about it. But mind you come to-night; for you'll find me working Grey in the Punic Wars, and will see how the pins act. I'm very proud of my show."

And so Hardy went off to chapel, and Tom to Drysdale's rooms, not at all satisfied that he had made Hardy safe. He found Drysdale lolling on his sofa, as usual, and fondling Jack. He had

just arrived, and his servant and the scout were unpacking his portmanteaus. He<sup>\*</sup> seemed pleased to see Tom, but looked languid and used up.

"Where have you been this vacation?" said Tom; "you look seedy."

"You may say that," said Drysdale. "Here, William, get out a bottle of Schiedam. Have a taste of bitters? there's nothing like it to set one's digestion right."

"No, thank'ee," said Tom, rejecting the glass which William proffered him; "my appetite don't want improving."

"You're lucky, then," said Drysdale. "Ah, that's the right stuff! I feel better already."

"But where have you been?"

"Oh, in the little village. It's no use being in the country at this time of year. I just went up to Limmer's, and there I stuck, with two or three more, till to-day."

"I can't stand London for more than a week," said Tom. "What did you do all day?"

"We hadn't much to say to daylight," said Drysdale. "What with theatres, and sparring-cribs, and the Coal-hole and Cider-cellars, and a little play in St. James's Street now and then, one wasn't up to early rising. However, I was better than the rest, for I had generally breakfasted by two o'clock."

"No wonder you look seedy. You'd much better have been in the country."

"I should have been more in pocket, at any rate," said Drysdale. "By Jove, how it runs away with the ready! I'm fairly cleaned out; and if I haven't luck at van John, I'll be hanged if I know how I'm to get through term. But, look here, here's a bundle of the newest songs—first-rate, some of them." And he threw some papers across to Tom, who glanced at them without being at all edified.

"You're going to pull regularly, I hope, this term, Drysdale?"

"Yes, I think so; it's a cheap amusement, and I want a little training for a change."

"That's all right."

"I've brought down some dresses for

our gipsy business, by the way. I didn't forget that. Is Blake back?"

"I don't know," said Tom; "but we sha'n't have time before the races."

"Well, afterwards will do; though the days oughtn't to be too long. I'm all for a little darkness in masquerading."

"There's five o'clock striking. Are you going to dine in Hall?"

"No; I shall go to the Mitre, and get a broil."

"Then I'm off. Let's see,—will you come and wine with me next Thursday?"

"Yes; only send us a card, 'to remind,'"

"All right!" said Tom, and went off to Hall, feeling dissatisfied and uncomfortable about his fast friend, for whom he had a sincere regard.

After Hall, Tom made a short round amongst his acquaintance; and then, giving himself up to the strongest attraction, returned to Hardy's rooms, comforting himself with the thought that it really must be an act of Christian charity to take such a terrible reader off his books for once in a way, when his conscience pricked him for intruding on Hardy during his hours of work. He found Grey there, who was getting up his Roman history, under Hardy's guidance; and the two were working the pins on the maps and lists in the Roman corner when Tom arrived. He begged them not to stop, and very soon was as much interested in what they were doing as if he also were going into the schools in May; for Hardy had a way of throwing life into what he was talking about, and, like many men with strong opinions and passionate natures, either carried his hearers off their legs and away with him altogether, or roused every spark of combativeness in them. The latter was the effect which his lecture on the Punic Wars had on Tom. He made several protests as Hardy went on; but Grey's anxious looks kept him from going fairly into action, till Hardy stuck the black pin, which represented Scipio, triumphantly in the middle of Carthage, and, turning round, said, "And now for some tea, Grey, before you have to turn out."

Tom opened fire while the tea was brewing.

"You couldn't say anything bad enough about aristocracies this morning, Hardy, and now to-night you are crowing over the success of the heaviest and cruelest oligarchy that ever lived, and praising them up to the skies."

"Hullo! here's a breeze!" said Hardy, smiling; "but I rejoice, oh, Brown! in that they thrashed the Carthaginians, and not, as you seem to think, in that they, being aristocrats, thrashed the Carthaginians; for oligarchs they were not at this time."

"At any rate they answer to the Spartans in the struggle, and the Carthaginians to the Athenians; and yet all your sympathies are with the Romans to-night in the Punic Wars, though they were with the Athenians before dinner."

"I deny your position. The Carthaginians were nothing but a great trading aristocracy—with a glorious family or two, I grant you, like that of Hannibal, but, on the whole, a dirty, bargain-driving, buy-cheap-and-sell-dear aristocracy—of whom the world was well rid. They like the Athenians indeed! Why just look what the two peoples have left behind them—"

"Yes," interrupted Tom, "but we only know the Carthaginians through the reports of their destroyers. Your heroes trampled them out with hoofs of iron."

"Do you think the Roman hoof could have trampled out their Homer if they ever had one?" said Hardy; "the Romans conquered Greece too, remember."

"But Greece was never so near beating them."

"True. But I hold to my point. Carthage was the mother of all hucksters, compassing sea and land to sell her wares."

"And no bad line of life for a nation. At least Englishmen ought to think so."

"No they ought not; at least if 'Punica fides' is to be the rule of trade. Selling any amount of Brum-

magem wares never did nation or man much good and never will. Eh, Grey?"

Grey winced at being appealed to, but remarked that he hoped the Church would yet be able to save England from sharing the fate of Tyre and Carthage, the great trading nations of the old world: and then, swallowing his tea, and looking as if he had been caught robbing a hen-roost, he made a sudden exit, and hurried away out of College to the night-school.

"What a pity he is so odd and shy," said Tom; "I should so like to know more of him."

"It is a pity. He is much better when he is alone with me. I think he has heard from some of the set that you are a furious Protestant, and sees an immense amount of stiffneckedness in you."

"But about England and Carthage," said Tom, shirking the subject of his own peculiarities; "you don't really think us like them? It gave me a turn to hear you translating 'Punica fides' into Brummagem wares just now."

"I think that successful trade is our rock ahead. The devil who holds new markets and twenty per cent. profits in his gift is the devil that England has most to fear from. 'Because of unrighteous dealings, and riches gotten by deceit, the kingdom is translated from one people to another,' said the wise man. Think of that opium war the other day: I don't believe we can get over many more such businesses as that. Grey falls back on the Church, you see, to save the nation; but the Church he dreams of will never do it. Is there any that can? There *must* be surely, or we have believed a lie. But this work of making trade righteous, of Christianizing trade, looks like the very hardest the Gospel has ever had to take in hand—in England at any rate."

Hardy spoke slowly and doubtfully, and paused as if asking for Tom's opinion.

"I never heard it put in that way. I know very little of politics or the state of England. But come, now; the putting down the slave-trade and com-

pensating our planters, *that* shows that we are not sold to the trade devil yet surely."

"I don't think we are. No, thank God, there are plenty of signs that we are likely to make a good fight of it yet."

They talked together for another hour, drawing their chairs round to the fire, and looking dreamily into the embers, as is the wont of men who are throwing out suggestions, and helping one another to think, rather than arguing. At the end of that time Tom left Hardy to his books, and went away laden with several new ideas, one of the clearest of which was that he was awfully ignorant of the contemporary history of his own country, and that it was the thing of all others which he ought to be best informed in, and thinking most about. So, being of an impetuous turn of mind, he went straight to his rooms to commence his new study, where, after diligent hunting, the only food of the kind he required which turned up was the last number of *Bell's Life* from the pocket of his greatcoat. Upon this he fell to work, in default of anything better, and was soon deep in the P.R. column, which was full of interesting speculations as to the chances of Bungaree in his forthcoming campaign against the British middle-weights. By the time he had skimmed through the well-known sheets, he was satisfied that the columns of his old acquaintance were not the place, except in the police reports, where much could be learnt about the present state or future prospects of England. Then, the first evening of term being a restless time, he wandered out again, and before long landed, as his custom was, at Drysdale's door.

On entering the room he found Drysdale and Blake alone together, the former looking more serious than Tom had ever seen him before. As for Blake, the restless haggard expression sat more heavily than ever on his face, marring its beauty, and almost making it impossible to look on without a shudder. It was clear that they changed the subject of their talk abruptly on his entrance ;

so Tom looked anywhere except straight before him as he was greeting Blake. He really felt very sorry for him at the moment. However, in another five minutes, he was in fits of laughter over Blake's description of the conversation between himself and the coachman who had driven the Gloucester day-mail by which he had come up : in which conversation, nevertheless, when Tom came to think it over and try to repeat it afterwards, the most facetious parts seemed to be the "sez he's" and "sez I's" with which Jehu larded his stories ; so he gave up the attempt, wondering what he could have found in it to laugh at.

"By the way, Blake," said Drysdale, "how about our excursion into Berkshire masquerading this term ? Are you game ?"

"Not exactly," said Blake ; "I really must make the most of such time as I have left, if I'm to go into the schools this term."

"If there's one thing which spoils Oxford, it is those schools," said Drysdale ; "they get in the way of everything. I ought to be going up for smalls myself next term, and I haven't opened a book yet, and don't mean. Follow a good example, old fellow, you're cock-sure of your first, everybody knows."

"I wish everybody would back his opinion, and give me a shade of odds. Why, I have scarcely thought of my history."

"Why the d—l should they make such a fuss about history ? One knows perfectly well that those old blackguard heathens were no better than they should be ; and what good it can do to lumber one's head with who their grandmothers were, and what they ate, and when and where and why they had their stupid brains knocked out, I can't see for the life of me."

"Excellently well put. Where did you pick up such sound views, Drysdale ? But you're not examiner yet, and on the whole I must rub up my history somehow. I wish I knew how to do it."



"Can't you put on a coach?" said Drysdale.

"I have one on, but history is his weak point," said Blake.

"I think I can help you," said Tom. "I've just been hearing a lecture in Roman history, and one that won't be so easy to forget as most;" and he went on to explain Hardy's plans, to which Blake listened eagerly.

"Capital!" he said, when Tom had finished. "In whose rooms did you say they are?"

"In Hardy's, and he works at them every night with Grey."

"That's the queer big servitor, his particular pal," put in Drysdale; "there's no accounting for tastes."

"You don't know him," retorted Tom; "and the less you say about him the better."

"I know he wears highlows and short flannels, and—"

"Would you mind asking Hardy to let me come to his lectures?" interrupted Blake, averting the strong language which was rising to Tom's lips. "I think they seem just the things I want. I shouldn't like to offer to pay him, unless you think—"

"I'm quite sure," interrupted Tom, "that he won't take anything. I will ask him to-morrow whether he will let you come, and he's such a kind good fellow that I'm almost sure he will."

"I should like to know your pal, too, Brown," said Drysdale; "you must introduce me, with Blake."

"No, I'll be hanged if I do," said Tom.

"Then I shall introduce myself," said Drysdale; "see if I don't sit next him now at your wine on Thursday."

Here Drysdale's scout entered, with two notes, and wished to know if Mr. Drysdale would require anything more. Nothing but hot water; he could put the kettle on, Drysdale said, and go; and while the scout was fulfilling his orders, he got up carelessly, whistling, and, walking to the fire, read the notes by the light of one of the candles which was burning on the mantel-piece. Blake was watching him eagerly, and Tom saw

this, and made some awkward efforts to go on talking about the advantages of Hardy's plan for learning history; but he was talking to deaf ears, and soon came to a stand still. He saw Drysdale crumple up the notes in his hand and shove them into his pocket. After standing for a few seconds in the same position, with his back to them, he turned round with a careless air, and sauntered to the table where they were sitting.

"Let's see, what were we saying?" he began. "Oh, about your eccentric pal, Brown."

"You've answers from both?" interrupted Blake. Drysdale nodded, and was beginning to speak again to Tom, when Blake got up and said, with white lips, "I *must* see them."

"No, never mind, what does it matter?"

"Matter! by Heaven, I must and will see them now."

Tom saw at once that he had better go, and so took up his cap, wished them good night, and went off to his own rooms.

He might have been sitting there for about twenty minutes, when Drysdale entered.

"I couldn't help coming over, Brown," he said; "I must talk to some one, and Blake has gone off raging. I don't know what he'll do—I never was so bothered or savage in my life."

"I'm very sorry," said Tom; "he looked very bad in your rooms. Can I do anything?"

"No, but I must talk to some one. You know—no you don't, by the way—but, however, Blake got me out of a tremendous scrape in my first term, and there's nothing that I'm not bound to do for him, and wouldn't do if I could. Yes, by George, whatever fellows say of me, they shall never say I didn't stand by a man who has stood by me. Well, he owes a dirty 300*l.* or 400*l.*, or something of the sort—nothing worth talking of I know—to people in Oxford, and they've been leading him a dog's life this year and more. Now, he's just going up for his degree, and two or three of these creditors—the most rascally

of course—are suing him in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, thinking now's the time to put the screw on. He will be ruined if they are not stopped somehow. Just after I saw you to-day, he came to me about it. You never saw a fellow in such a state; I could see it was tearing him to pieces, telling it to me even. However, I soon set him at ease as far as I was concerned; but, as the devil will have it, I can't lend him the money, though 60*l.* would get him over the examination, and then he can make terms. My guardian advanced me 200*l.* beyond my allowance just before Easter, and I haven't 20*l.* left, and the bank here has given me notice not to overdraw any more. However, I thought to settle it easily enough; so I told him to meet me at the Mitre in half-an-hour for dinner, and when he was gone I sat down and wrote two notes—the first to St. Cloud. That fellow was with us on and off in town, and one night he and I went partners at *roulette*, I finding ready-money for the time, gains and losses to be equally shared in the end. I left the table to go and eat some supper, and he lost 80*l.*, and paid it out of my money. I didn't much care, and he cursed the luck, and acknowledged that he owed me 40*l.* at the time. Well, I just reminded him of this 40*l.* and said I should be glad of it (I know he has plenty of money just now), but added, that it might stand if he would join me and Blake in borrowing 60*l.*; I was fool enough to add that Blake was in difficulties, and I was most anxious to help him. As I thought that St. Cloud would probably pay the 40*l.* but do no more, I wrote also to Chanter—Heaven knows why, except that the beast rolls in money, and has fawned on me till I've been nearly sick this year past—and asked him to lend Blake 50*l.* on our joint note of hand. Poor Blake! when I told him what I had done at the Mitre, I think I might as well have stuck the carving-knife into him. We had a wretched two hours; then you came in, and I got my two answers—here they are.”

Tom took the proffered notes, and read:—

“DEAR DRYSDALE,—Please explain the allusion in yours to some mysterious 40*l.* I remember perfectly the occurrence to which you refer in another part of your note. You were tired of sitting at the table, and went off to supper, leaving me (not by my own desire) to play for you with your money. I did so, and had abominable luck, as you will remember, for I handed you back a sadly dwindled heap on your return to the table. I hope you are in no row about that night? I shall be quite ready to give evidence of what passed if it will help you in any way. I am always yours very truly, A. ST. CLOUD.

“P.S. I must decline the little joint operation for Blake's benefit, which you propose.”

The second answer ran:—

“DEAR DRYSDALE,—I am sorry that I cannot accommodate Mr. Blake, as a friend of yours, but you see his acceptance is mere waste paper, and you cannot give security until you are of age, so if you were to die the money would be lost. Mr. Blake has always carried his head as high as if he had 5000*l.* a year to spend; perhaps now he will turn less haughty to men who could buy him up easy enough. I remain yours sincerely, JABEZ CHANTER.”

Tom looked up, and met Drysdale's eyes, which had more of purpose in them than he had ever seen before. “Fancy poor Blake reading those two notes,” he said, “and 'twas I brought them on him. However, he shall have the money somehow to-morrow, if I pawn my watch. I'll be even with those two some day.” The two remained in conference for some time longer; it is hardly worth while to do more than relate the result.

At three o'clock the next day, Blake, Drysdale, and Tom were in the back-parlour of a second-rate inn, in the corn-market; on the table were pens and ink, some cases of eau-de-Cologne and jewellery, and behind it a fat man of forbidding aspect, who spent a day or two in each term at Oxford. He held

in his thick red damp hand, ornamented as to the fore-finger with a huge ring, a piece of paper.

"Then I shall draw for a hundred-and-five!"

"If you do, we won't sign," said Drysdale; "now, be quick, Ben" (the fat man's name was Benjamin), "you infernal shark, we've been wrangling long enough over it. Draw for 100*l.*, at three months, or we are off."

"Then, Mr. Drysdale, you gents will take part in goods. I wish to do all I can for gents as comes well introduced, but money is very scarce just now."

"Not a stuffed bird, bottle of eau-de-Cologne, ring, or cigar, will we have; so now, no more nonsense, put down 75*l.* on the table."

The money-lender, after another equally useless attempt to move Drysdale, who was the only one of the party who spoke, produced a roll of notes, and counted out 75*l.*, thinking to himself that he would make this young spark sing a different tune before very long. He then filled up the piece of paper, muttering that the interest was nothing considering the risk, and he hoped they would help him to something better with some of their friends. Drysdale reminded him, in terms not too carefully chosen, that he was getting cent. per cent. The document was signed,—Drysdale took the notes, and they went out.

"Well, that's well over," said Drysdale, as they walked towards High-street. "I'm proud of my tactics, I must say; one does much better for any body than for oneself. If I had been on my own hook that fellow would have let me in for 20*l.* worth of stuffed birds and bad jewellery. Let's see, what do you want, Blake?"

"Sixty will do," said Blake.

"You had better take 65*l.*; there'll be some law costs to pay," and Drysdale handed him the notes.

"Now, Brown, shall we divide the balance,—a fiver a-piece?"

"No, thank you," said Tom, "I don't want it; and, as you two are to hold me harmless, you must do what you like with the money." So Drysdale pocketed the 10*l.*, after which they walked in

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silence to the gates of St. Ambrose. The most reckless youngster doesn't begin this sort of thing without reflections which are apt to keep him silent. At the gates Blake wrung both their hands. "I don't say much, but I sha'n't forget it." He got out the words with some difficulty, and went off to his rooms.

## CHAPTER XI.

### MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.

WITHIN the next week or two several important events had happened to one and another of our St. Ambrose friends. Tom had introduced Blake to Hardy, after some demur on the part of the latter. Blake was his senior by a term; might have called on him any time these three years; why should he want to make his acquaintance now? But when Tom explained to him that it would be a kind thing to let Blake come and coach up history with him, for that, unless he took a high degree in the coming examination, he would have to leave the College, and probably be ruined for life, Hardy at once consented.

Tom did not venture to inquire for a day or two how the two hit it off together. When he began cautiously to approach the subject, he was glad to find that Hardy liked Blake. "He is a gentleman, and very able," he said; "it is curious to see how quickly he is overhauling Grey, and yet how Grey takes to him. He has never looked scared at him (as he still does at you, by the way) since the first night they met. Blake has the talent of setting people at their ease without saying anything. I shouldn't wonder if Grey thinks he has sound Church notions. It's a dangerous talent, and may make a man very false if he doesn't take care." Tom asked if Blake would be up in his history in time. Hardy thought he might perhaps, but he had great lee-way to make up. If capacity for taking in cram would do it, he would be all right. He had been well crammed in his science, and had put him (Hardy) up to many dodges which might be useful in

the schools, and which you couldn't get without a private tutor.

Then Tom's first wine had gone off most successfully. Jarvis and Miller had come early and stayed late, and said all that was handsome of the port, so that he was already a social hero with the boating set. Drysdale, of course, had been there, rattling away to everybody in his reckless fashion, and setting a good example to the two or three fast men whom Tom knew well enough to ask, and who consequently behaved pretty well, and gave themselves no airs, though as they went away together they grumbled slightly that Brown didn't give claret. The rest of the men had shaken together well, and seemed to enjoy themselves. The only drawback to Tom had been that neither Hardy nor Grey had appeared. They excused themselves afterwards on the score of reading, but Tom felt aggrieved in Hardy's case; he knew that it was only an excuse.

Then the training had begun seriously. Miller had come up specially for the first fortnight, to get them well in hand, as he said. After they were once fairly started, he would have to go down till just before the races; but he thought he might rely on the Captain to keep them up to their work in the interval.

So Miller, the coxswain, took to drawing the bow up to the ear at once. At the very beginning of term, five or six weeks before the races, the St. Ambrose boat was to be seen every other day at Abingdon; and early dinners, limitation of liquids and tobacco, and abstinence from late supper parties, pastry, ice, and all manner of trash, likely in Miller's opinion to injure nerve or wind, were hanging over the crew, and already, in fact, to some extent, enforced. The Captain shrugged his shoulders, submitted to it all himself, and worked away with imperturbable temper; merely hinting to Miller, in private, that he was going too fast, and that it would be impossible to keep it up. Diogenes highly approved; he would have become the willing slave of any tyranny which should insist that every adult

male subject should pull twenty miles and never imbibe more than a pint of liquid in the twenty-four hours. Tom was inclined to like it, as it helped him to realize the proud fact that he was actually in the boat. The rest of the crew were in all stages of mutiny, and were only kept from breaking out by their fondness for the Captain and the knowledge that Miller was going in a few days. As it was, Blake was the only one who openly rebelled. Once or twice he stayed away. Miller swore and grumbled, the Captain shook his head, and the crew in general rejoiced.

It is to one of these occasions to which we must now turn. If the usual casual voyager of novels had been standing on Sandford lock at about four, on the afternoon of April —th, 18—, he might have beheld the St. Ambrose eight-oar coming with a steady swing up the last reach. If such voyager were in the least conversant with the glorious mystery of rowing, he would have felt his heart warm at the magnificent sweep and life of the stroke, and would, on the whole, have been pleased with the performance of the crew generally, considered as a College crew in the early stages of training. They came "hard all" up to the pool below the lock, the coxswain standing in the stern with a tiller-rope in each hand, and then shipped oars; the lock-gates opened, and the boat entered, and in another minute or two was moored to the bank above the lock, and the crew strolled into the little inn which stands by the lock, and, after stopping in the bar to lay hands on several pewters full of porter, passed through the house into the quoit and skittle grounds behind. These were already well filled with men of other crews, playing in groups or looking on at the players. One of these groups, as they passed, seized on the Captain, and Miller stopped with him; the rest of the St. Ambrose men, in no humour for skittles, quoits, or any relaxation except rest and grumbling, took possession of the first table and seats which offered, and came to anchor.

Then followed a moment of intense

enjoyment, of a sort only appreciable by those who have had a twelve miles' training pull with a coxswain as sharp as a needle, and in an awful temper.

"Ah," said Drysdale, taking the pewter down from his lips, with a sigh, and handing it to Tom, who sat next him, "by Jove, I feel better."

"It's almost worth while pulling 'hard all' from Abingdon to get such a thirst," said another of the crew.

"I'll tell you what, though," said Drysdale, "to-day's the last day you'll catch me in this blessed boat."

Tom had just finished his draught, but did not reply; it was by no means the first time that Drysdale had announced this resolve. The rest were silent also.

"It's bad enough to have to pull your heart out, without getting abused all the way into the bargain. There Miller stands in the stern—and a devilish easy thing it is to stand there and walk into us—I can see him chuckle as he comes to you and me, Brown—'Now, 2, well forward;' '3, don't jerk;' 'Now, 2, throw your weight on the oar; come, now, you can get another pound on;' I hang on like grim Death,—then it's 'Time, 2; now, 3—'"

"Well, it's a great compliment," broke in Tom, with a laugh: "he thinks he can make something of us."

"He'll make nothing of us first, I think," said Drysdale. "I've lost eight pounds in a fortnight. The Captain ought to put me in every place in the boat, in turn, to make it watertight. I've larded the bottom boards under my seat so that not a drop of water will ever come through again."

"A very good thing for you, old fellow," said Diogenes; "you look ten times better than you did at the beginning of term."

"I don't know what you call a good thing, you old fluter. I'm obliged to sit on my hip-bones—I can't go to a lecture—all the tutors think I'm poking fun at them, and put me on directly. I haven't been able to go to lecture there ten days."

"So fond of lecture as he is, too, poor fellow," put in Tom.

"But they've stopped my commons for staying away," said Drysdale; "not that I care much for that, though."

"Well, Miller goes down to-morrow morning—I heard him say so," said another.

"Then we'll memorialize the Captain, and get out of these Abingdon pulls. Life isn't worth having at this rate."

"No other boat has been below Sandford yet."

And so they sat on and plotted, and soon most of the other crews started. And then they took their turn at skittles, and almost forgot their grievances, which, in order to be clear, I must now explain to those of my readers who don't know the river at Oxford.

The river runs along the south of the city, getting into the University quarter after it passes under the bridge connecting Berks and Oxfordshire, over which is the road to Abingdon. Just below this bridge are the boat-builders' establishments on both sides of the river, and then on the Oxfordshire side is Christchurch meadow, opposite which is moored the University barge. Here is the goal of all University races, or used to be in the times I am speaking of; and the racecourse stretches away down the river for a mile and a half, and a little below the starting-place of the races is Ifley Lock. The next lock below Ifley is the Sandford Lock (where we left our boat's crew playing at skittles), which is about a mile and a half below Ifley. Below Sandford there is no lock till you get to Abingdon, a distance of six miles and more by the river. Now, inasmuch as the longest distance to be rowed in the races is only the upper mile and a half from Ifley to the University barge, of course all the crews think themselves very hardly treated if they are taken farther than to Sandford. Pulling "hard all" from Sandford to Ifley, and then again from Ifley over the regular course, ought to be enough in all conscience to chorus the crews; and most captains and coxswains give in. But here



and there some enemy of his kind—some uncomfortable, worriting, energizing mortal, like Miller—gets command of a boat, and then the unfortunate crew are dragged, bemoaning their fate, down below Sandford, where no friendly lock intervenes to break off the long, steady swing of the training-pull every two miles, and the result for the time is blisters and mutiny; though I am bound to add that it generally tells, and that the crew which has been undergoing that *peine forte et dure* is very apt to get the change out of it on the nights of hard races.

So the St. Ambrose crew played out their skittles, and settled to appeal to the Captain in a body the next day, after Miller's departure; and then, being summoned to the boat, they took to the water again, and paddled steadily up home, arriving just in time for Hall for those who liked to hurry. Drysdale never liked hurrying himself; besides, he could not dine in Hall, as he was discommensed for persistent absence from lectures, and neglect to go to the Dean when sent for to explain his absence.

"I say, Brown, hang Hall," he said to Tom, who was throwing on his things; "come and dine with me at the Mitre. I'll give you a bottle of hock; it's very good there."

"Hock's about the worst thing you can drink in training," said Miller.

"Isn't it, Jervis?"

"It's no good certainly," said the Captain, as he put on his cap and gown; "come along, Miller."

"There, you hear?" said Miller. "you can drink a glass of sound sherry, if you want wine;" and he followed the Captain.

Drysdale performed a defiant pantomime after the retiring coxswain, and then easily carried his point with Tom, except as to the hock. So they walked up to the Mitre together, where Drysdale ordered dinner and a bottle of hock in the coffee-room.

"Don't order hock, Drysdale; I sha'n't drink any."

"Then I shall have it all to my own

cheek. If you begin making a slave of yourself to that Miller, he'll very soon cut you down to a glass of water a day, with a pinch of rhubarb in it, and make you drink that standing on your head."

"Gammon; but I don't think it's fair on the rest of the crew not to train as well as one can."

"You don't suppose drinking a pint of hock to-night will make you pull any the worse this day six weeks, when the races begin, do you?"

"No; but—"

"Hullo! look here," said Drysdale, who was inspecting a printed bill pinned up on the wall of the coffee-room; "Wombwell's menagerie is in the town, somewhere down by Worcester. What fun! We'll go there after dinner."

The food arrived with Drysdale's hock, which he seemed to enjoy all the more from the assurance which every glass gave him that he was defying the coxswain, and doing just the thing he would most dislike. So he drank away, and facetiously speculated how he could be such an idiot as to go on pulling. Every day of his life he made good resolutions in the reach above the Gut that it should be his last performance, and always broke them next day. He supposed the habit he had of breaking all good resolutions was the way to account for it.

After dinner they set off to find the wild beast show; and, as they will be at least a quarter of an hour reaching it, for the pitch is in a part of the suburbs little known to gowmsmen, I propose to seize the opportunity of making a few remarks to the patient reader.

Our hero on his first appearance in public some years since, was without his own consent at once patted on the back by the good-natured critics, and enrolled for better for worse in the brotherhood of muscular Christians, who at that time were beginning to be recognised as an actual and lusty portion of general British life. As his biographer, I am not about to take exceptions to his enrolment; for, after considering the persons up and down her Majesty's dominions to whom the new nickname

has been applied, the principles which they are supposed to hold, and the sort of lives they are supposed to lead, I cannot see where he could in these times have fallen upon a nobler brotherhood. I am speaking of course under correction, and with only a slight acquaintance with the faith of muscular Christianity, gathered almost entirely from the witty expositions and comments of persons of a somewhat dyspeptic habit, who are not amongst the faithful themselves. Indeed, I am not aware that any authorized articles of belief have been sanctioned or published by the sect, Church, or whatever they may be. Moreover, at the age at which our hero has arrived, and having regard to his character, I should say that he has in all likelihood thought very little on the subject of belief, and would scarcely be able to give any formal account of his own, beyond that contained in the Church Catechism, which I for one think may very well satisfy him for the present. Nevertheless, had he been suddenly caught at the gate of St. Ambrose's College, by one of the gentlemen who do the classifying for the British public, and accosted with, "Sir, you belong to a body whose creed is to love God, and walk 1000 miles in 1000 hours;" I believe he would have replied, "Do I, Sir? I'm very glad to hear it. They must be a very good set of fellows; how many weeks training do they allow?"

But in the course of my inquiries on the subject of muscular Christians, their works and ways, a fact has forced itself on my attention, which for the sake of ingenious youth, like my hero, ought not to be passed over. I find then, that side by side with these muscular Christians, and apparently claiming some sort of connexion with them (the same concern, as the pirates of trade-marks say), have risen up another set of persons, against whom I desire to caution my readers and my hero, and to warn the latter that I do not mean on any pretence whatever to allow him to connect himself with them, however much he may be taken with their off-hand, "hail-

brother well-met" manner and dress, which may easily lead careless observers to take the counterfeit for the true article. I must call the persons in question "musclemen," as distinguished from muscular Christians; the only point in common between the two being, that both hold it to be a good thing to have strong and well-exercised bodies, ready to be put at the shortest notice to any work of which bodies are capable, and to do it well. Here all likeness ends, for the muscleman seems to have no belief whatever as to the purposes for which his body has been given him, except some hazy idea that it is to go up and down the world with him, belabouring men and captivating women for his benefit or pleasure, at once the servant and fomentor of those fierce and brutal passions which he seems to think it a necessity, and rather a fine thing than otherwise, to indulge and obey. Whereas, so far as I know, the least of the muscular Christians has hold of the old chivalrous and Christian belief, that a man's body is given him to be trained and brought into subjection, and then used for the protection of the weak, the advancement of all righteous causes, and the subduing of the earth which God has given to the children of men. He does not hold that mere strength or activity are in themselves worthy of any respect or worship, or that one man is a bit better than another because he can knock him down, or carry a bigger sack of potatoes than he. For mere power, whether of body or intellect, he has (I hope and believe) no reverence whatever, though, *cæteris paribus*, he would probably himself, as a matter of taste, prefer the man who can lift a hundred-weight round his head with his little finger, to the man who can construct a string of perfect Sorites, or expound the doctrine of "contradictory inconceivables."

The above remarks occur as our hero is marching innocently down towards his first "town and gown" row, and I should scarcely like to see him in the middle of it, without protesting that it is a mistake. I know that he, and other

youngsters of his kidney, will have fits of fighting, or desiring to fight with their poorer brethren, just as children have the measles. But the shorter the fit the better for the patient, for like the measles it is a great mistake, and a most unsatisfactory complaint. If they can escape it altogether so much the better. But instead of treating the fit as a disease, musclemen professors are wont to represent it as a state of health, and to let their disciples run about in middle age with the measles on them as strong as ever. Now although our hero had the measles on him at this particular time, and the passage of arms which I am about shortly to describe led to results of some importance in his history, and cannot therefore be passed over, yet I wish at the same time to disclaim, both in my sponsorial and individual character, all sympathy with town and gown rows, and with all other class rows and quarrels of every sort and kind, whether waged with sword, pen, tongue, fist, or otherwise. Also to say that in all such rows, so far as I have seen or read, from the time when the Roman plebs marched out to Mons Sacer, down to 1848, when the English chartists met on Kennington Common, the upper classes are most to blame. It may be that they are not the aggressors on any given occasion: very possibly they may carry on the actual fighting with more fairness (though this is by no means true as a rule); nevertheless the state of feeling which makes such things possible, especially in England, where men in general are only too ready to be led and taught by their superiors in rank, may be fairly laid at their door. Even in the case of strikes, which just now will of course be at once thrown in my teeth, I say fearlessly, Let any man take the trouble to study the question honestly, and he will come to the conviction that all combinations of the men for the purpose of influencing the labour market, whether in the much and unjustly abused Trades' Societies, or in other forms, have been defensive organizations, and that the masters might, as a body, over and over again have taken the sting out of them if they

would have acted fairly, as many individuals amongst them have done: whether it may not be too late now, is a tremendous question for England, but one which time only can decide.

When Drysdale and Tom at last found the caravans, it was just getting dark. Something of a crowd had collected outside, and there was some hissing as they ascended the short flight of steps which led to the platform in front of the show; but they took no notice of it, paid their money, and entered.

Inside they found an exciting scene. The place was pretty well lighted, and the birds and beasts were all alive in their several dens and cages, walking up and down, and each uttering remonstrances after their own manner, the shrill notes of birds mingling with the moan of the beasts of prey and chattering of the monkeys. Feeding time had been put off till night to suit the undergraduates, and the undergraduates were proving their appreciation of the attention by playing off all manner of practical jokes on birds and beasts, their keepers, and such of the public as had been rash enough to venture in. At the farther end was the keeper, who did the showman, vainly endeavouring to go through his usual jog-trot description. His monotone was drowned every minute by the chorus of voices, each shouting out some new fact in natural history touching the biped or quadruped whom the keeper was attempting to describe. At that day a great deal of this sort of chaff was current, so that the most dunderheaded boy had plenty on the tip of his tongue. A small and indignant knot of townspeople, headed by a stout and severe middle-aged woman, with two big boys, her sons, followed the keeper, endeavouring by caustic remarks and withering glances to stop the flood of chaff, and restore legitimate authority and the reign of keeper and natural history.

At another point was a long Irishman in cap and gown, who had clearly had as much wine as he could carry, close to the bars of the panther's den, through which he was earnestly endeavouring,

with the help of a crooked stick, to draw the tail of whichever of the beasts stopped for a moment in its uneasy walk. On the other side were a set of men bent on burning the wretched monkeys' fingers with the lighted ends of their cigars, in which they seemed successful enough, to judge by the angry chatterings and shriekings of their victims.

The two new comers paused for a moment on the platform inside the curtain; and then Drysdale, rubbing his hands, and in high glee at the sight of so much misrule in so small a place, led the way down on to the floor deep in sawdust, exclaiming, "Well, this *is* a lark! We're just in for all the fun of the fair."

Tom followed his friend, who made straight for the showman, and planted himself at his side, just as that worthy, pointing with his pole, was proceeding—

"This is the jackal, from—"

"The Caribbee Hiellands, of which I'm a native myself," shouted a gowmsman.

"This is the jackal, or lion's provider," began again the much-enduring keeper.

"Who always goes before the lion to purwidge his purwisions, purwiding there's anything to purwidge," put in Drysdale.

"Hem—really I do think it's scandalous not to let the keeper tell about the beasteses," said the unfortunate matron, with a half turn towards the persecutors, and grasping her bag.

"My dear madam," said Drysdale, in his softest voice, "I assure you he knows nothing about the beasteses. We are Doctor Buckland's favourite pupils, are also well known to the great Panjandrum, and have eaten more beasteses than the keeper has ever seen."

"I don't know who you are, young man, but you don't know how to behave yourselves," rejoined the outraged female; and the keeper, giving up the jackal as a bad job, pointing with his pole, proceeded—

"The little hanimal in the upper cage is the hoppossum, of North America—"

"The misguided offspring of the racoon and the gum-tree," put in one of his tormentors.

Here a frightful roaring and struggling at a little distance, mingled with shouts of laughter, and "Hold on, Pat!" "Go it, panther!" interrupted the lecture, and caused a rush to the other side, where the long Irishman, Donovan by name, with one foot against the bars, was holding on to the tail of one of the panthers, which he had at length managed to catch hold of. The next moment he was flat on his back in the sawdust, and his victim was bounding wildly about the cage. The keeper hurried away to look after the outraged panther; and Drysdale, at once installing himself as showman, began at the next cage—

"This is the wild man of the woods, or whangee tangee, the most untameable—good heavens, ma'am, take care!" and he seized hold of the unfortunate woman and pulled her away from the bars.

"Oh, goodness!" she screamed, "it's got my tippet; oh, Bill, Peter, catch hold!" Bill and Peter proved unequal to the occasion, but a gowmsman seized the vanishing tippet, and after a moment's struggle with the great ape, restored a meagre half to the proper owner, while Jacko sat grinning over the other half, and picking it to pieces.

The poor woman had now had enough of it, and she hurried off with her two boys, followed by the few townspeople who were still in the show, to lay her case directly before the mayor, as she informed the delinquents from the platform before disappearing. Her wrongs were likely to be more speedily avenged, to judge by the angry murmurs which arose outside immediately after her exit.

But still the high jinks went on, Donovan leading all mischief, until the master of the menagerie appeared inside and remonstrated with the men. He must send for the police, he said, if they would not leave the beasts alone. He had put off the feeding in order to suit them; would they let his keepers

feed the beasts quietly? The threat of the police was received with shouts of defiance by some of the men, though the greater part seemed of the opinion that matters were getting serious.

The proposal for feeding, however, was welcomed by all, and comparative quiet ensued for some ten minutes, while the baskets of joints, bread, stale fish, and potatoes were brought in, and the contents distributed to the famishing occupants of the cages. In the interval of peace the showman-keeper, on a hint from his master, again began his round. But the spirit of mischief was abroad, and it only needed this to make it break out again. In another two minutes the beasts, from the lion to the smallest monkey, were struggling for their suppers with one or more undergraduates; the elephant had torn the gown off Donovan's back, having only just missed his arm; and the manager, in a confusion worthy of the tower of Babel, sent off a keeper for the city police, and turned the gas out.

The audience, after the first moment of surprise and indignation, groped their way towards the steps and mounted the platform, where they held a council of war. Should they stay where they were or make a sally at once, break through the crowd and get back to their colleges. It was curious to see how in that short minute individual character came out, and the coward, the cautious man, the resolute prompt Englishman, each were there, and more than one species of each.

Donovan was one of the last up the steps, and as he stumbled up caught something of the question before the house. He shouted loudly at once for descending, and offering battle. "But, boys," he added, "first wait till I address the meeting," and he made for the opening in the canvas through which the outside platform was reached. Stump oratory and a free fight were just the two temptations which Donovan was wholly unable to resist; and it was with a face radiant with devil-may-care delight that he burst through the opening, followed by all the rest (who felt that the matter was out of their hands, and must

go its own way after the Irishman), and rolling to the front of the outside platform rested one hand on the rail, and waved the other gracefully towards the crowd. This was the signal for a burst of defiant shouts and hissing. Donovan stood blandly waving his hand for silence. Drysdale, running his eye over the mob, turned to the rest and said, "There's nothing to stop us, not twenty grown men in the whole lot." Then one of the men, lighting upon the drumsticks, which the usual man in corduroys had hidden away, began beating the big drum furiously. One of the unaccountable whims which influence crowds seized on the mob, and there was almost perfect silence. This seemed to take Donovan by surprise; the open air was having the common effect on him; and he was getting unsteady on his legs, and his brains were wandering. "Now's your time, Donovan, my boy, begin."

"Ah, yes, to be sure, what'll I say? let's see," said Donovan, putting his head on one side—

"Friends, Romans, countrymen," suggested some wag.

"To be sure," cried Donovan; "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears."

"Bravo, Pat, well begun; pull their ears well when you've got 'em."

"Bad luck to it! where was I? you divels—I mean ladies and gentlemen of Oxford city as I was saying, the poets—"

Then the storm of shouting and hissing arose again, and Donovan, after an ineffectual attempt or two to go on, leaned forward, and shook his fist generally at the mob. Luckily for him, there were no stones about; but one of the crowd, catching the first missile at hand, which happened to be a cabbage stalk, sent it with true aim at the enraged orator. He jerked his head on one side to avoid it; the motion unsteadied his cap; he threw up his hand, which, instead of catching the falling cap, as it was meant to do, sent it spinning among the crowd below. The owner, without a moment's hesitation, clapped both hands on the bar before him and followed his property, vaulting over on



to the heads of those nearest the platform, amongst whom he fell, scattering them right and left.

"Come on, gown, or he'll be murdered," sang out one of Donovan's friends. Tom was one of the first down the steps; they rushed to the spot in another moment, and the Irishman rose, plastered with dirt, but otherwise none the worse for his feat; his cap, covered with mud, was proudly stuck on, hind part before. He was of course thirsting for battle, but not quite so much master of his strength as usual; so his two friends, who were luckily strong and big men, seized him, one to each arm.

"Come along, keep together," was the word; "there's no time to lose. Push for the corn-market."

The cry of "Town! town!" now rose on all sides. The gownsmen in a compact body, with Donovan in the middle, pushed rapidly across the open space in which the caravans were set up and gained the street. Here they were comparatively safe: they were followed close, but could not be surrounded by the mob. And now again a bystander might have amused himself by noting the men's characters. Three or four pushed rapidly on, and were out of sight ahead in no time. The greater part, without showing any actual signs of fear, kept steadily on, at a good pace: close behind these, Donovan struggled violently with his two conductors, and shouted defiance to the town; while a small and silent rear-guard, amongst whom were Tom and Drysdale, walked slowly and, to all appearance, carelessly behind, within a few yards of the crowd of shouting boys who headed the advancing town. Tom himself felt his heart beating quick, and I don't think had any particular desire for the fighting to begin, with such long odds on the town side; but he was resolved to be in it as soon as any one if there was to be any. Thus they marched through one or two streets without anything more serious than an occasional stone passing their ears. Another turn would have brought them into the open parts of the town, within

hearing of the colleges, when suddenly Donovan broke loose from his supporters, and rushing with a shout on the advanced guard of the town, drove them back in confusion for some yards. The only thing to do was to back him up; so the rear-guard, shouting "Gown! gown!" charged after him. The effect of the onset was like that of Blount at Flodden, when he saw Marmion's banner go down,—a wide space was cleared for a moment, the town driven back on to the pavements and up the middle of the street, and the rescued Donovan caught, set on his legs, and dragged away again some paces towards college. But the charging body was too few in number to improve the first success, or even to insure its own retreat. "Darkly closed the war around." The town lapped on them from the pavements, and poured on them down the middle of the street, before they had time to rally and stand together again. What happened to the rest—who was down, who up, who fought, who fled,—Tom had no time to inquire; for he found himself suddenly the centre of a yelling circle of enemies. So he set his teeth and buckled to his work; and the thought of splendid single combat, and glory such as he had read of in college stories, and tradition handing him down as the hero of that great night, flashed into his head as he cast his eye round for foeman worthy of his steel. None such appeared; so, selecting the one most of his own size, he squared and advanced on him. But the challenged one declined the combat, and kept retreating; while from behind, and the sides, one after another of the "town" rushing out dealt Tom a blow and vanished again into the crowd. For a moment or two he kept his head and temper; the assailants individually were too insignificant to put out his strength upon; but head and temper were rapidly going;—he was like a bull in the arena with the picadores sticking their little javelins in him. A smart blow on the nose, which set a myriad of stars dancing before his eyes, finished the business, and he rushed after the last assail-

ant, dealing blows to right and left, on small and great. The mob closed in on him, still avoiding attacks in front, but on flank and rear they hung on him, and battered at him. He had to turn sharply round after every step to shake himself clear, and at each turn the press thickened, the shouts waxed louder and fiercer; he began to get unsteady; tottered, swayed, and, stumbling over a prostrate youth, at last went down full length on to the pavement, carrying a couple of his assailants with him. And now it would have fared hard with him, and he would scarcely have reached college with sound bones,—for I am sorry to say an Oxford town mob is a cruel and brutal one, and a man who is down has no chance with them,—but that for one moment he and his prostrate foes were so jumbled together that the town could not get at him, and the next the cry of "Gown! gown!" rose high above the din; the town were swept back again by the rush of a reinforcement of gownsmen, the leader of whom seized him by the shoulders and put him on his legs again; while his late antagonists crawled away to the side of the road.

"Why, Brown!" said his rescuer,—Jervis, the Captain,—“this you? Not hurt, eh?”

"Not a bit," said Tom.

"Good; come on, then; stick to me." In three steps they joined the rest of the gown, now numbering some twenty men. The mob was close before them, gathering for another rush. Tom felt a cruel, wild devil beginning to rise in him: he had never felt the like before. This time he longed for the next crash, which, happily for him, was fated never to come off.

"Your names and colleges, gentlemen," said a voice close behind them at this critical moment. The "town" set up a derisive shout, and, turning round, the gownsmen found the velvet sleeves of one of the proctors at their elbow, and his satellites, vulgarly called bulldogs, taking notes of them. They were completely caught, and so quietly gave the required information.

"You will go to your colleges at once," said the Proctor, "and remain within gates. You will see these gentlemen to the High Street," he added to his marshal; and then strode on after the crowd, which was vanishing down the street.

The men turned, and strolled towards the High Street, the marshal keeping, in a deferential but wide-awake manner, pretty close to them, but without making any show of watching them. When they reached the High Street he touched his hat and said civilly, "I hope you will go home now, gentlemen; the senior proctor is very strict."

"All right, marshal; good night," said the good-natured ones.

"D— his impudence," growled one or two of the rest, and the marshal bustled away after his master. The men looked at one another for a moment or two. They were of different colleges, and strangers. The High Street was quiet; so, without the exchange of a word, after the manner of British youth, they broke up into twos and threes, and parted. Jervis, Tom, and Drysdale, who turned up quite undamaged, sauntered together towards St. Ambrose's.

"I say, where are we going?" said Drysdale.

"Not to college, I vote," said Tom.

"No, there may be some more fun."

"Mighty poor fun, I should say, you'll find it," said Jervis; "however, if you will stay, I suppose I must. I can't leave you two boys by yourselves."

"Come along then, down here." So they turned down one of the courts leading out of the High Street, and so by back streets bore up again for the disturbed districts.

"Mind and keep a sharp look-out for the proctors," said Jervis; "as much row as you please, but we mustn't be caught again."

"Well, only let's keep together if we have to bolt."

They promenaded in lonely dignity for some five minutes, keeping eyes and ears on full strain.

"I tell you what," said Drysdale, at

last, "it isn't fair, these enemies in the camp; what with 'the town' and their stones and fists, and the proctors with their 'name and college,' we've got the wrong end of the stick."

"Both wrong ends, I can tell you," said Jervis. "Holloa, Brown, your nose is bleeding."

"Is it?" said Tom, drawing his hand across his face, "'twas that confounded little fellow then who ran up to my side while I was squaring at the long party. I felt a sharp crack, and the little rascal bolted into the crowd before I could turn at him."

"Cut and come again," said Drysdale, laughing.

"Ay, that's the regular thing in these blackguard street squabbles. Here they come, then," said Jervis. "Steady, all."

They turned round to face the town, which came shouting down the street behind them in pursuit of one gownsman, a little, harmless, quiet fellow, who had fallen in with them on his way back to his college from a tea with his tutor, and, like a wise man, was giving them leg-bail as hard as he could foot it. But the little man was of a courageous, though prudent soul, and turned panting and gasping on his foes the moment he found himself amongst friends again.

"Now, then, stick together; don't let them get round us," said Jervis.

They walked steadily down the street, which was luckily a narrow one, so that three of them could keep the whole of it, halting and showing front every few yards, when the crowd pressed too much. "Down with them! Town, town! That's two as was in the show." "Mark the velvet-capped chap. Town, town!" shouted the hinder part of the mob; but it was a rabble of boys as before, and the front rank took very good care of itself, and forbore from close quarters.

The small gownsman had now got his wind again; and, smarting under the ignominy of his recent flight, was always a pace or two nearer the crowd than the other three, ruffling up like a

little bantam, and shouting defiance between the catchings of his breath.

"You vagabonds! you cowards! Come on now, I say! Gown, gown!" And at last, emboldened by the repeated halts of the mob, and thirsting for revenge, he made a dash at one of the nearest of the enemy. The suddenness of the attack took both sides by surprise, then came a rush by two or three of the town to the rescue.

"No, no! stand back—one at a time," shouted the Captain, throwing himself between the combatants and the mob. "Go it, little 'un; serve him out. Keep the rest back, boys; steady!" Tom and Drysdale faced towards the crowd, while the little gownsman and his antagonist—who defended himself vigorously enough now—came to close quarters, in the rear of the gown line; too close to hurt one another, but what with hugging and cuffing, the townsman in another half-minute was sitting quietly on the pavement with his back against the wall, his enemy squaring in front of him, and daring him to renew the combat. "Get up, you coward; get up, I say, you coward! He won't get up," said the little man, eagerly turning to the Captain. "Shall I give him a kick?"

"No, let the cur alone," replied Jervis. "Now, do any more of you want to fight? Come on, like men, one at a time. I'll fight any man in the crowd."

Whether the challenge would have been answered must rest uncertain; for now the crowd began to look back, and a cry arose, "Here they are, proctors! now they'll run."

"So we must, by Jove, Brown," said the Captain. "What's your college?" to the little hero.

"Pembroke."

"Cut away, then, you're close at home."

"Very well, if I must: good night," and away went the small man as fast as he had come; and I have never heard that he came to further grief or performed other feats that night not here set down.

"Hang it, don't let's run," said Drysdale.

"Is it the proctors?" said Tom. "I can't see them."

"Mark the bloody-faced one; kick him over," sang out a voice in the crowd.

"Thank'ee," said Tom savagely. "Let's have one rush at them."

"Look! there's the proctor's cap just through them; come along, boys—well, stay if you like, and be rusticated, I'm off;" and away went Jervis, and the next moment Tom and Drysdale followed the good example, and, as they had to run, made the best use of their legs, and in two minutes were well ahead of their pursuers. They turned a corner; "Here, Brown! a light in this

public, cut in, and it's all right." Next moment they were in the dark passage of a quiet little inn, and heard with a chuckle part of the crowd scurry by the door in pursuit, while they themselves suddenly appeared in the neat little bar, to the no small astonishment of its occupants. These were a stout elderly woman in spectacles, who was stitching away at plain work in an arm-chair on one side of the fire; the foreman of one of the great boat-builders, who sat opposite her, smoking his pipe, with a long glass of clear ale at his elbow; and a bright-eyed, neat-handed barmaid, who was leaning against the table, and talking to the others as they entered.

*To be continued.*

## ARCTIC ENTERPRISE AND ITS RESULTS SINCE 1815.

BY FRANKLIN LUSHINGTON.

WHOEVER wishes to see a great result summed up as shortly and simply as possible, need only glance at an Arctic chart of the date of the Peace of 1815, and then look at one drawn in the last half-year. Few comparisons are more striking, or more curiously suggestive. In the earlier map, between Icy Cape at the western corner of the north coast of America (longitude 160° west, ten degrees eastward of Behring's Straits), and the half-explored coasts of Baffin's Bay on the eastern side of the continent (long. 80° west), there is a blank, only to be filled in accordance with the particular imagination of each hydrographer with an uncertain wavy line of supposed coast from the one extreme known landmark to the other. Two points alone of actual sea-coast in the intervening space of eighty degrees had been fixed by overland voyagers in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1771 and 1789, at the mouths of the Hearne or Coppermine and the Mackenzie rivers. But to which ocean the salt water met with at either of those two points had an outlet, and whether the American continent was in

actual continuity with Greenland on the one hand, or with the so-called New Siberia on the other—with both, or with neither—were problems as totally unsolved by proof to Sir John Barrow when he wrote in the *Quarterly Review* of 1817, as they had been to the followers of Columbus three centuries before. Although scientific arguments from physical considerations might point strongly but vaguely towards the existence of a north-west as well as a north-east passage, so little of absolute fact was then known on unquestionable authority concerning the Arctic regions, that it was gravely disputed in 1817 by Captain Burney, a highly reputed naval officer, and Fellow of the Royal Society, whether Behring's Straits were not after all only the entrance to a deep bay, and whether America was not connected with Old Siberia itself. The proof of the continuity of the shore-line of Asia rested on the unsupported and ambiguous testimony of one Russian voyager, Deschneff, of the seventeenth century. Burney, who had himself been in Captain Cook's expedition when he discovered Icy Cape in 1779,

doubted the completeness of Deschneff's survey; and for such as joined in his scepticism it was as easy, if not as rational, to believe that from Icy Cape the coast of America circled round by north and west till it met the shore of Asia somewhere, as it was competent for those who refused to hope for a north-west passage from Davis' Strait, to shut up the unpenetrated inlet which two hundred years earlier Baffin had christened Lancaster Sound.

Such was the state of Arctic discovery at the close of the career of Napoleon. Let us look for a moment at the stage of knowledge which had been reached when the Crimean war broke out in 1854. The sheet which forty years earlier was all but a blank, was now covered with all but a perfect outline. With the exception of the channel which separates Prince of Wales' Land from Prince Albert's Land, and an area of some four or five degrees of latitude and longitude south of Peel Sound, every wind and turn of that icy labyrinth of islands which Sir John Barrow conjectured in 1817 to be an open basin, had been traced by personal observation as far north as the seventy-seventh parallel; and almost every mile of their coasts painfully traversed and accurately surveyed. From Icy Cape to the Boothian Isthmus, the boundary-line of the American continent had been laid down without a break; while beyond that isthmus eastward, the work had been done as accurately and as continuously. In fact, but for the limited area still left untraversed by the various expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin—the very area within which the last records and relics of his cruise have ultimately been found—the hydrographic survey of those latitudes may be truly said to have exhausted its field even in 1854. And if we were in possession of the journals of the *Erebus* and *Terror* from their passage down Peel Sound to their abandonment, after twenty months' fixture in the ice, to the north-west of King William's Land, it would probably be found that Franklin's crews had during that period ex-

plored some of the very ground of which the detailed features are still waiting to be verified in all but the very latest charts of the Arctic archipelago. It was only the finishing touch that was reserved for McClintock and Allen Young to add to the map which had been drawn by the labours of such men as Parry, Ross, Franklin, Collinson, Osborn, and McClure.

It is impossible to overrate in imagination the toil, the danger, the hardships and privations, the noble daring, and the unflinching endurance, the unselfish devotion and the high sentiment of professional duty, which have been necessarily involved in the accomplishment of such a task. Few readers can follow the narrative of any single Arctic voyage or journey, and not feel throughout an admiring wonder at the power of human strength and human energy to perform so much active work under the pressure of such inordinate physical obstacles and physical suffering. It is a fact of which we may well be proud, that every inch of ground gained on the hard-fought battle-field of Arctic research has been won in a life-and-death struggle with the elements by British seamen. None, indeed, among the memories of the noble victims of this struggle are more honourably or affectionately acknowledged, or will be more enduringly preserved by the gratitude of the English people, than that of the gallant French volunteer, Bellot, or the intrepid American commander Kane. But with these notable exceptions, the whole cycle of the Arctic discoveries of this century is the work of our own countrymen. British names mark every channel, cape, and inlet: and a history is to be read in almost every name. And not the least significant feature in the nomenclature of the Arctic chart is the recurrence at different points among the titles given after actual navigators, of the name of that energetic and high-spirited Englishwoman, to whose strenuous efforts, under circumstances of great discouragement, the fitting-out of the crowning expedition is entirely due. Cape Lady Franklin was the name



given by Belcher's surveying parties to the most northerly headland of Bathurst island, close to the spot (lat. 77°) from which we now know that the *Erebus* and *Terror* turned southward in the autumn of 1845. Cape Jane Franklin was the name given by James Ross, in 1830, to one of the two headlands seen by him from Point Victory, the limit of his explorations on the western face of King William's Land. Seventeen and eighteen years later, the career, first of Franklin, and then of Franklin's ships, was to close within sight of this very headland; and, in 1859, the record of the fate of Franklin's crews was to be found, when the sad secret had been kept for eleven years, on the very position where Ross had unwillingly turned in 1830, after giving it Jane Franklin's name. The course of time and fate has done its best to consecrate the right of that name to the two prominent spots it will henceforth permanently mark in the geographical history of the Arctic sea.

In marking the beginning and the close of this great campaign of discovery by the Peace of Vienna and the outbreak of the Turkish war, we have but pointed to a fact which suggests more reflections than one. The wars of the first French Empire had put an end to all voyages of discovery for the time being. The ships and the sailors of England had full work nearer home in scouring the known seas, instead of bearing her flag into seas unknown. But as soon as the peace of Europe was again secure, the equipment of a Russian expedition of research for the Arctic Regions excited the emulation of England, lest the marine of another nation should have the honour of completing what Fro-bisher, Davis, Hudson, Baffin, and Cook had begun. The same year (1818) which saw the return of Kotzebue's vessel from the sound which bears his name, after an unsuccessful attempt to reach Icy Cape, beheld the inauguration under John Ross of our own series of Arctic enterprises. The next fifteen years, though full of adventures and persevering toil by land and sea, yet failed to solve the main question of a north-

west passage; and the general interest in an apparently invincible problem dwindled by degrees, until it was revived by the comparative success of Ross and Crozier, in the *Erebus* and *Terror*, in exploring the Antarctic seas. That problem was first solved by Franklin, before his death in 1847, when he had brought his ships to a point where no land lay between them and the verified channels of Dease and Simpson, from which he would have sailed westward over a familiar path. But for the English nation it was shrouded in doubt and mystery, until the actual day when Lieutenant Creswell of the *Investigator* landed in Great Britain, as the herald and the evidence of McClure's discovery, on the 7th of October, 1853. At the date of his arrival, public attention was already and almost exclusively concentrated on the Eastern question. The Pruth had been passed, and the Russian challenge accepted by Turkey; and the entrance of England into the struggle was daily growing more inevitable. The thin echo of a distant success from the ice-bound waters of Melville Sound could hardly penetrate the ears that were listening for every rumour from Besica Bay. McClure himself, and his ship's company of the *Investigator*, together with the crews of the vessels abandoned by Sir E. Belcher's orders, did not reach England till eight days after the battle of the Alma had been fought. The national excitement which then prevailed, accounts for the meagreness of the reception given to the seamen, who, by dint of four years' hardship, and toil, had first succeeded in travelling over water from Behring's Strait to Baffin's Bay.

The sententious Ulysses of Shakspeare's "Troilus and Cressida" uttered a phrase that was applicable to England in Raleigh's and Humphrey Gilbert's time, when he spoke of Time as bearing

"—a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:"

but it never was more applicable than in our quick and crowded English life of the nineteenth century. "The pre-

sent eye praises the present object: "the brilliant details of the siege of Sebastopol itself soon faded into the background of history before the sudden flash and more desperate struggle of the Indian mutiny. Only two years and a half, again, have passed since the first news of that terrible outbreak reached England; and the British public is already half-tired of the successive publications of its cruelties and its heroisms. We have only to be certified of the death of Nana Sahib for the sake of an example of complete retribution, and to welcome home with a loud and well-deserved cheer the noble old soldier who has done his work so thoroughly as commander-in-chief in India, and might have done as much in the Crimea if he had not been passed over; and then the account of a curious contemporary public with the great mutiny of the Indian army will be closed and laid upon the shelf for ever. We want no more illustrated plans of Cronstadt or Sweaborg, Delhi or Lucknow, but of the mouth of the Peiho and the approaches to Peking. Who remembers now anything about the dare-devil charge of "the gallant Forbes" and his troopers, the number of whose regiment was in everybody's mouth not three years back, or the unsatisfactory victories of the campaign of Bushire? It is not that our memories are fickle, but they are too busily employed. Nor are we at heart an ungrateful people. The excess of phlegmatic coldness to individual merit is at least a less obnoxious fault in a nation than the opposite tendency to undue and prolonged self-glorification. Only the veteran of a single campaign will be found at the close of a long life ringing the changes on the Gemmappes and the Valmy of his youth. It is because we trust as a people that we have, alike within the grave of the past, the life of the present, and the womb of the future,

"Five hundred good as he,"

that we can afford to shake down among the unconsidered crowd, or to send back to his duty with a moderate

allowance of popular recognition and applause, many a man whom we individually envy for his opportunities, admire for the use he has made of them, and of whom we are proud in our heart of hearts, as of a hero of our own race and time. It has been the way of England, before the birth of the Victoria Cross and since, to expect that every man will do his duty, and take contentedly the amount of work or of praise that may fall to his share.

Let us look again at the Arctic chart, as it grows into shape under the hands of successive explorers from 1817. The first voyage of John Ross proved the substantial accuracy of the local discoveries made by Baffin in the bay that bears his name, at the same time that it corrected his imperfect longitudes. Parry, with the *Hecla* and *Griper*, in 1819, penetrated in a straight line westward through Baffin's newly-verified Sound of Sir John Lancaster, giving the eminent name of Barrow to the straits which he found to be its continuation, and saw the loom of Banks' Land in the south-western distance, before he wintered on the coast of Melville Island (long. 110°), thirty degrees to the west of Cape Warrender, the starting-point of his new track from Baffin's Bay. His record of the first winter ever passed by a ship's crew in those sullen regions, engraved on the great block of sandstone by the shore of Winter Harbour, still remains fresh and clear in the icy climate; as interesting a token, though not as wonderfully preserved a relic, as those yet legible inscriptions scrawled with charcoal in the quarries of Egypt in the time of the Ptolemies. The conspicuous place and nature of this memorial induced McClure to select the same rock in 1852 as the best spot upon which to place a notice of the *Investigator's* position in the Bay of Mercy, Banks' Land. This notice was found by a sledging party from the *Resolute*; and McClure's choice of so marked a place of deposit may be said to have saved the lives of the *Investigator's* crew, or at least to have pre-

served them from the toils and risks of a sledging march for life, of a very similar character to that which in 1848 Franklin's less fortunate crews were driven to attempt in vain. Such are the links by which the details of one Arctic voyage of discovery are bound up with those of another.

The second expedition of Parry, in 1821-2, was intended for a movement in combination with the overland journey of Richardson and Franklin from the farthest posts of the Hudson's Bay Company to the coast which had been seen by Hearne and Mackenzie. It is curious to observe the unaffected and plausible simplicity of inexperience, with which the Admiralty orders of those times assume as an operation feasible within the navigation of a single Arctic summer the passage which, after all the struggles and achievements of so many successive expeditions of research, no single ship has hitherto succeeded in making. Incommensurate as Parry's progress on this occasion was with the professed expectations of his superiors, he followed out the tracing of the line of the American continent to the north of Hudson's Strait and Fox Channel, along Melville Peninsula to the Fury and Hecla Strait, which opens into the water afterwards named by Ross the Gulf of Boothia. In his third expedition (1822-25) Parry tried a fresh cast upon his former track through Lancaster Sound, turning southward into the wide mouth of Prince Regent's Inlet, which he had christened in passing on his first voyage. The limits to which he penetrated this channel southward in two years, are marked on the chart by the names of Fury Beach, where the ship of that name was pressed on shore by the ice, and Cape Garry, the farthest headland in sight on his southern horizon. Captain John Ross, following the same path in 1829, in the *Victory*, navigated down the coasts of North Somerset and Boothia as far as Victory Harbour (lat. 70°), the starting place from which his nephew James Ross traversed with a sledging-party the Boothian Isthmus, and explored westward the strait which

bears his name, and the shore line of King William's Land, as far as Point Victory, or Cape Jane Franklin, as has been mentioned before. It is a remarkable and important fact, that although in this coasting voyage Sir John Ross landed on Brown's Island, in Brentford Bay, and professedly made the most minute and accurate survey of the whole coast, he overlooked altogether the existence of Bellot Strait, which lies at the bottom of that bay. Had he penetrated behind the outwork of islands which covers the narrow passage through the natural curtain formed by the granite cliffs of Brentford Bay, he would have gained, twenty years earlier than its actual discoverer, Kennedy, the nearest entrance into the channel where the *Erebus* and *Terror* were ultimately beset on their last voyage. It is also worthy of note, that the tracing made, of the shores of King William's Land, in the chart of Ross's voyage, although not professing to be a positive and correct plan of an actually traversed coast, yet marks in dotted line a continuous stretch of land as shutting up the south-eastern end of the John Ross Channel, and assumes, in consequence, King William's Land to be part of the continent of America. In the difficulties necessarily attendant upon Arctic surveys, it is natural, if not unavoidable, that oversights should have been made by the earlier surveyors, and that errors of conjecture which appeared but slightly relevant until the whole thread of the labyrinth had been followed out, should in the end prove to have been most material. In the windings of a large inland lake or river, and still more in the channels of an unknown archipelago, it is easy for a first observer to draw a mistaken inference from a horizon of headland overlapping headland, and fold of inland mountain rising over mountain fold. James Ross had every right to draw a strong conclusion of the improbability that King William's Land was an island, from what his eyes and his telescope told him of the horizon to the south, as he looked from the headlands of Spence's Bay. But the absolute negation of any passage west-

ward from Brentford Bay, in a chart of alleged surveys which, in Sir John Ross's own words, profess an almost superfluous minuteness and accuracy of detail, is a far less venial instance of the statement, as of ascertained fact, of that which the assessor had not personally or thoroughly verified. It is impossible to say how much or how little the mistaken supposition, on the distinct authority of Ross's chart, that Prince Regent's Inlet was a mere *cul de sac* for the voyager in search of a north-west passage, or the acquiescence in Ross's inference, that King William's Land was a part of the continent, may have added to the adverse chances of Franklin's last expedition. There are many cases in which it may plausibly be said, and honestly be thought, that extreme accuracy of investigation is practically a superfluous waste of toil: but it is almost a truism to assert, that every investigation whatever should be in fact at least as complete and as searching as on its face it professes to be. A total or partial blank, or any mark denoting ignorance or imperfect information, is a much less serious drawback to the value of a chart, than an exaggerated assumption of knowledge, which may shape the course of some future navigator.

The land and boat journeys taken during these years by Franklin, Back, and Richardson, are even more memorable and fuller of personal interest than the voyages of Ross and Parry. There are few volumes of travels accessible to ordinary English readers more deservedly popular than those containing Franklin's graphic and touching account of his expedition, in 1821, to the shores of the Polar Sea. The difficulties of the march northward, and the descent of the Coppermine river, the stupid and negligent blunderings of the *voyageurs*, the suspicious and greedy, but punctilious and charitable character of the Indians, the hazardous boat voyage from the mouth of the Coppermine to Point Turnagain, and the fearful sufferings of the desperate straggling return across the Barren Grounds to Fort Enterprise, are painted with a noble

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simplicity and an unsurpassable fidelity. English officers and seamen never battled more bravely with hardships, dangers, famine, and climate, than did Franklin and his English companions on that occasion; and it is mainly in the drawing out of the calm and trustful strength of character individually shown by them under the greatest trials, that the personal interest of this record is greater than that inspired by the adventures of Parry, or Ross, and their crews. There is a wonderful and stern pathos in the plain narrative of the murder of Lieutenant Hood by the Iroquois Michel, and the quick and steady execution of justice upon the murderer by those who would undeniably have fallen victims in their turn to his treachery had they spared him a day longer. And a stranger and more solemn picture of mingled familiarity with and sensitiveness to the outward signs of suffering was never given, than in the few words which tell how, when the relics of Franklin's and Richardson's parties met again at Fort Enterprise, after a separation of some twenty days, they were mutually horror-struck at the gaunt forms, worn faces, and hollow tones of each other, and utterly unconscious that an equally tell-tale change had been stamped by an equally long endurance of hunger and hardship on themselves.

"We were all shocked" (says Franklin) "at beholding the emaciated countenances of the Doctor and Hepburn, as they strongly evidenced their extremely debilitated state. The alteration in our appearance was equally distressing to them, for since the swellings had subsided we were little more than skin and bone. The Doctor particularly remarked the sepulchral tone of our voices, which he requested us to make as cheerful as possible, unconscious that his own partook of the same key." "Our own misery," says Dr. Richardson of himself and the sailor Hepburn, "had stolen upon us by degrees, and we were accustomed to the contemplation of each other's emaciated figures; but the ghastly

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"countenances, dilated eyeballs, and sepulchral voices of Mr. Franklin and those with him, were more than we could at first bear." Human fortitude could hardly have wavered in a more noble manner. Franklin's party had tasted nothing more nutritious than scraps of leather and fragments of bone for thirty-one days, and Richardson's fare had been but little better. Whoever will turn to the narrative may gauge for himself the depth of their gallant endurance, and take a lesson from those brave and cheerful natures, that under such circumstances mingled no self-pity with their tenderness for others, exerted themselves to the last, and never dreamed of breaking down.

The result of this and the later coast expeditions of Franklin, Richardson, and Back, before the date of Ross's voyage in the *Victory*, was to trace the line of the continent uninterruptedly from Point Turnagain to within a very short distance of the coast visited from the western side through Behring's Strait. This line was extended eastward by Sir George Simpson in 1839. In that year he explored Simpson Strait, to the south of King William's Land, and connected Franklin's first limit of discovery with the mouth of the Great Fish river, visited by Back in 1834. He crossed the strait to Cape Herschel, King William's Land, and built there the cairn now standing, which was searched in vain by McClintock for any record of Franklin's crews.

Such was the state of the chart when the *Erebus* and *Terror* sailed on their last voyage in 1845 in search of a north-west passage. It is known that Franklin's favourite idea, before he left England, coincided with his orders; to pierce, if possible, to the southward of the course discovered by Parry, and so find the most direct way from Lancaster Sound to the point of the American shore, from which, as he could testify of his own experience, it was "all plain sailing to the westward." From what we now know of his first year's cruise round Cornwallis Island and back to Cape Riley, his first winter quarters, it

seems probable that a closed sea towards Peel Sound and an open one towards the north, tempted him to an apparent temporary divergence from the plan which he had laid down for himself from the first, and which, in the next spring, he took the earliest opportunity of pursuing. What the condition of Prince Regent's Inlet in regard of ice may have been in the summer of 1845 we have no means of divining; inasmuch as, with the chart of the Boothian coast made by Ross for his only guide, Franklin would of course have passed it by. There is no profit in speculating whether the same enterprising energy which carried the *Erebus* and *Terror* in their first summer from England round Cornwallis Island might not have carried them instead by way of Bellot Strait into winter quarters west of Boothia, saved a whole year to the expedition, and altered entirely the conditions of its future success or failure. Arctic history, and indeed history in general, has nothing to do with that which might have been, and only concerns itself with a small part of what has been. From the date when Captain Fitzjames sealed up the last packet of journals he sent home from Baffin's Bay, the history of Franklin's expedition is comprised in the three graves at Beechey Island, the record now brought from Cape Victory, and the other relics either found lying in their place or purchased from the wandering Esquimaux. Well appointed as the ships were known to be, hopefully and cheerfully as their officers and men were prepared to work together, first as they were destined to be in the completion of the discovery of a passage round the north coast of America, not one man of those crews was to reach habitable land with the tale. No hint of their work or of their fate was to be found, but through year upon year of enterprise, perseverance, and self-devotion on the part of one after another of their brothers in the naval service of Great Britain. Like the *Ulysses* of Dante and of Tennyson, they were bound—



"To sail beyond the sunset, and the  
baths  
Of all the western stars"—

until they died. It is all the more our duty to acknowledge that they did the work they were sent to do. That Franklin did virtually solve the problem which was the object of his voyage is not only testified to by all who have a right to speak authoritatively, but is a fact which rests on unimpeachable grounds. He designedly took the very course down Peel Sound and Franklin Channel which would have carried his ships, but for the terrible duration of that temporary obstacle of the ice-pack in which they were beset for two winters, straight to the most easterly point of the along-shore channel which he already knew. He died himself in full sight of the goal: his ships never traversed the short water-space which lay between their anchorage in the pack and the lines which other keels had ploughed from the west. Neither did the *Investigator* cross from Bank's Land to Parry's harbour in Melville Island. Yet if the reappearance of McClure or Cresswell in England was a living proof of their discovery of the passage, so is the single skeleton found by McClintock five miles to the south-east of Cape Herschel (and therefore within the line of coast traced from the west by Simpson) an imperishable memorial of that discovery having been anticipated by Franklin's expedition four years earlier.

To the total loss of that expedition, and the absolute want of information as to its fate, the present completeness of Arctic research in those longitudes is owing. Had Franklin's crews returned safe in 1848, after leaving their ships irretrievably fixed in the ice-pack, it is almost certain that no further attempts would have been made to force the navigation of a practically fruitless passage. And even if scientific inducements had prompted the organization of another enterprise, it may be questioned whether any such universal and permanent stimulus to unsparing exertion and minute investigation could

have been found as that which animated alike officers and common seamen in the search for the missing ships and their crews. Other motives were doubtless at work among the searchers, in the shape of professional emulation, and that sheer love of adventure, which would fill up to-morrow with volunteers the muster-roll of any fresh expedition for the Arctic zone: but the chief goad which pricked on the leading spirits among those searchers to attempt and to accomplish things almost impossible, and drove the whole body of fellow-labourers to keep pace with the contagious enthusiasm of the foremost, was undeniably the hope at first of rescuing the lost ones, and later, when that prospect faded away through the lapse of time, the laudable and brotherly yearning to penetrate the mystery which still surrounded their fate. Captain Inglefield's chart, published by the Admiralty hydrographer in October, 1853, which marks in different touches the various strips of coast explored by the ships and travelling parties of the several expeditions in the seven preceding years, gives the clearest notion of the amount of labour that had been then performed. McClure's vivid description of the appearance of Lieutenant Pim from the *Resolute*, a wild gesticulating figure, shouting across the floe, as he came to announce their rescue to the ice-bound *Investigator's* crew, is one among many typical pictures of the highly wrought energy of feeling with which Pim, and those like him, prosecuted the search after those who, if alive a all, must then have been in far worse plight than even the "Investigators." And the whole of McClure's voyage, as drawn from his journals, through the spirited and cordial narrative of his friendly interpreter Sherard Osborn, shows with equal distinctness the need of iron nerve, quick decision, steady judgment, and untiring energy in the commander on special service, such as that on which the *Investigator* was bound, and the ready supply of all those qualifications possessed by her captain. The sailors' rule—"always obey the last order"—is

nowhere of more constant application than in the conduct of a vessel through an Arctic campaign. The directing and responsible mind has to be ready at every moment for every possible eventuality ; to obey the orders of climate and circumstance, and yet to mould those forces into servants of his own superior will ; to be shifty and supple as Ulysses in respect of all plans that are but means to the one great and constant end ; to show under every emergency the equal temper of a heroic heart, and (to quote another line from that ideal of Ulysses to which we have pointed before)

“To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.

Leopold McClintock, the commander of Lady Franklin's yacht *Fox* in the last and crowning expedition, had served in three consecutive Arctic voyages, under Ross, Austin, and Kellett, from 1848 to 1854. It may be truly said of him, that from the first to the last he devoted to the search not only his heart, but his brain. Every improvement in the details of sledging, and the consequent increase in the width of field which sledging parties are able to cover, made during those years, is, we believe, due to McClintock alone. The combination of the *minimum* of weight with the *maximum* of convenience, the most judicious apportionment of the load to be drawn day after day, so as not to overtask the strength of the men and dogs, the extension of the area of search by the previous laying out of successive depôts along the line, were studied and tested by him in theory and in practice, as quietly and as carefully as the subaltern Arthur Wellesley studied the work and the capacities of his own great machine, the English soldier. And the palm must be given to McClintock for the actual amount of personal fatigue undergone, and personal service performed in conduct of a sledging party. The extreme headlands of Prince Patrick's Island (lat. 77° 30' north) were worthily signed with his name,

years before the newly-explored channel from Melville Sound to Victoria Strait was christened in his honour at the request of Lady Franklin. No better man could have been found to command the *Fox*, and no commander of her could have been more nobly seconded than was McClintock by Hobson and Allen Young.

The voyage of the sharp-bowed little steam-yacht, of 177 tons, from Aberdeen (July, 1857), to Bellot Strait and back to the docks at Blackwall (September, 1859), is a most comprehensive and picturesque instance of the varieties of hazard incident to Arctic navigation. The 1st of September, 1857, saw the *Fox* beset among the closing ice in Melville Bay. Once or twice in that month McClintock saw close to him long lanes of water open through the floes towards the west, and a watersky towards Cape York, which told him that if he could once get clear he might yet winter in Barrow Straits. By the use of steam and blasting-powder on one occasion he had struggled through 100 yards of ice, out of 170 which lay between the *Fox* and the lead of water, when the floes began to close again. The end of the month found the *Fox* and her crew irretrievably fixed for the winter : condemned to drift for months of darkness wherever winds and the invisible currents might take them ; to use McClintock's expressive phrase—“a legacy to the pack.” Between that date and the last week of April, 1858, they drifted with their ice-continent down Baffin's Bay and Davis' Strait into the Atlantic, a distance of more than twelve hundred miles. In bursting the bars of that prison in the spring, as much or more risk had to be run than in finding a secure shelter for the winter within its folds. As soon as the floes began to crack and open into lanes around the vessel, the greatest efforts were necessary to warp her into the safest position within the chance shelter which projecting corners of the newly fractured ice might afford, in case of a change of wind closing up the mass upon her. And when once “the dear old

familiar ocean-swell" began to lift its crest above the hollows of the sea, and dash the huge ice fragments as in a grinding mill against each other, till they broke into smaller and smaller pieces, as the edge of the drift came nearer and nearer to the little imprisoned vessel, her position was critical in the extreme. For eighteen hours, and twenty-two miles, she was slowly boring out under steam against a heavy sea of close-packed rolling ice. As she steered head-on to the swell, the masses were hurled against her sharply-chiselled iron-plated stem, and fell off to either side, knocking obliquely against her bows with such force as to shake her frame all over. More than once the engines were stopped by the ice choking the screw. Had the rudder or the screw been disabled at any moment long enough to have caused the *Fox* to broach to, or, indeed, to present anything but her pointed stem to the force of the sea, not one of her crew would have reached the open water alive. "After yesterday's experience," says McClintock in the next day's journal, "I can understand how men's hairs have turned grey "in a few hours." A swell of thirteen-foot waves of tumbling ice, with large icebergs here and there crashing through the smaller pack as the spray came showering over their summits seventy feet high, was an ordeal through which few men can have driven their ships with safety, and might well try the sternest nerves. Such was the end of the first year's labour. After escaping from the pack, McClintock turned his bow north, and refitted at Holsteinberg with the least possible delay. The *Fox* was nearly stranded on a rock off the Whalefish Islands in a heavy snow-storm in May, ran upon a sunken ice-capped reef in Melville Bay in June, where she lay for eleven hours in the greatest danger of falling over, till the tide floated her off unhurt; and after several narrow escapes from being nipped or again beset in the pack, anchored in August off Beechey Island. "All the adventures so far," Captain McClintock remarks, "are only preliminaries,—we

"are only *now* about to commence the "interesting part of our voyage. It is "to be hoped the poor *Fox* has many "more lives to spare."

From Beechey Island McClintock steered through an open sea straight across to Peel Sound, which he penetrated for twenty-five miles till brought up by ice extending from shore to shore. With the same promptness of decision which marked McClure's sudden determination in 1851 to retrace his steps for the whole length of Prince of Wales Strait, and sail round Banks' Land by the west, McClintock instantly turned about for Prince Regent Inlet and Bellet Strait. Notwithstanding Kennedy's discovery, it was even then thought doubtful whether Bellet Strait was an unbroken deep-water channel at all. "Does it really exist?" asks McClintock of himself at the moment of this hardy decision; "and if so, is it free from ice?" It did exist; but the close-packed ice sucked into it from its western mouth by a permanent tide of several miles an hour to the eastward, defeated four attempts to force the *Fox* through. On the fifth attempt, McClintock steamed right through to the western outlet of the strait, but finding the wider channel beyond impracticable, returned to winter in safe quarters at Port Kennedy, the destined starting-point of his sledging parties for the next spring.

Through the details of the discovery of the only authentic record of the end of Franklin and his crews by one of those sledging parties, we need not follow Captain McClintock in these pages. The most salient points of his story are too familiar and too deeply impressed upon all who have heard them to need repeating. The question which on McClintock's return many persons were in the first instance disposed to ask—what, after all, has he told us of the ultimate fate of the main body of those two ships' crews, beyond what Dr. Rae had told us before?—has been thoroughly answered in the paper read by McClintock before the Geographical Society, as well as in his pub-

lished volume. He has shown us by the recovered record of Point Victory, that those thirty or forty men of whom Rae heard as having died one by one on the island at the mouth of the Great Fish river, were the main body, and not a detachment, as had been supposed. He has tracked them on their course from Point Victory to Capes Crozier and Herschel, in the direction of the river at whose mouth they vainly hoped to find a supply of fish, starting in their extremity at least two months too early. He can speak, with authority at least equal to that of any man alive, of the greatest number of days' journeys for which they could have carried sufficient provisions, and show how, before they reached the river's mouth, they dropped, as the Esquimaux said, one by one as they walked along. He has fixed the fate of the ships themselves, and of their veteran commander, who was destined to be spared a repetition of such bitterness of death as he had undergone in his youth so nobly. The hasty, laconic record itself, the statement of the proportion of officers and men already dead, from which the strongest inference of the scurvy-ridden condition of the survivors must be drawn, the date of the abandonment of the vessels, the masses of clothing and other articles brought from shipboard and left so early on the march, the boat found in the snowdrift some eighty miles farther along the coast, turned back towards the ships, with its two skeletons on guard, two guns leaning against the side, loaded and cocked for the chance of a passing animal, and its tantalizing superfluity of chocolate and other unsubstantial provision,—form a connected chain of evidence of the result to which Dr. Rae's informants could only point partially and vaguely. No reasonable doubt can remain after the perusal of McClintock's narrative, that not only could no survivors by any possibility still exist, but that no further trace or record would be found undisturbed by the covetousness or curiosity of the Esquimaux. On the

smooth ice over which they dragg their sledges along the shore—on the bare hillocks over which they walked to survey the chances of food in the desolate landscape before them, or on the bleak island at the mouth of the frozen river—lies every one otherwise unaccounted for of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*—

“Noble, nameless, English heart,  
Snow-cold in snow.”

These results were not gained for us at home, it is needless to repeat, without enormous personal danger and fatigue undergone by McClintock and the companions of his enterprise. Lieutenant Hobson, the actual discoverer of the record and the boat, was so worn by travel and illness, that he had to be carried for many days on the sledge drawn by his party. Captain Allen Young, the explorer of McClintock's Channel, was, with another in a party of three, attacked with snow-blindness while far away from the *Fox*; and day after day, wherever the dogs refused to draw the sledge over uneven ice, was regularly loaded and led along by the only one of his companions whose eyes remained serviceable. When McClintock started homewards in 1859 from his anchorage in Port Kennedy, both the engineers of the vessel were dead, and he was obliged to take personal charge of the engines, sometimes for twenty-four hours together, where every moment longer spent within the ice added a fresh risk to those the *Fox* had already undergone. From the 9th of August, when he left Bellot Strait, till the 25th, when he anchored at Godhavn, in Greenland, McClintock must have had many opportunities of congratulating himself on the “many lives” which the *Fox* had yet to spare. As long as our naval officers are trained in the school which has ripened such men as Robert McClure and Leopold McClintock, whose character is written on every page of their journals, we need never fear for the behaviour of the British navy.

## A MAN'S WOOING.

You said, last night, you did not think  
 In all the world of men  
 Was one true lover—true alike  
 In deed and word and pen ;—

One knightly lover, constant as  
 The old knights, who sleep sound :  
 Some women, said you, there might be—  
 Not one man faithful found :

Not one man, resolute to win,  
 Or, winning, firm to hold  
 The woman, not all women—sought  
 Herself and not her gold :

Not one whose noble life and pure  
 Had power so to control  
 To humble loving loyalty  
 Her free, but reverent soul,

That she beside him gladly moved  
 Both sovereign and slave ;  
 In faith unfettered, homage dear,  
 Each claiming what each gave.

And then you dropped your eyelids  
 white,

And stood, a maiden brave,  
 Proud, sweet :—unloving and unloved  
 Descending to the grave.

I let you speak, and ne'er replied ;  
 I watched you for a space,  
 Until that passionate glow, like youth,  
 Had faded from your face.

No anger show'd I—nor complaint :  
 My heart's beats shook no breath,  
 Although I knew that I had found  
 Her, who brings life or death ;

The woman, true as life or death ;  
 The love, strong as these twain,  
 Against which seas of mortal fate  
 Beat harmlessly in vain.

"Not one true man : " I hear it still,  
 Your voice's clear cold sound,  
 Upholding all your constant swains  
 And good knights underground.

"Not one true lover : "—woman, turn ;  
 I love you. Words are small ;

'Tis life speaks plain : In twenty years  
 Perhaps you may know all.

I seek you. You alone I seek :  
 All other women, fair  
 Or wise, or good, may go their way,  
 Without my thought or care.

But you I follow day by day,  
 And night by night I keep  
 My heart's chaste mansion lighted, where  
 Your image lies asleep.

Asleep ! If e'er to wake He knows  
 Who Eve to Adam brought,  
 As you to me : the embodiment  
 Of boyhood's dear sweet thought,

And youth's fond dream and manhood's  
 hope,  
 That still half hopeless shone  
 Till every rootless vain ideal  
 Commingled into one.

You ; who are so diverse from me,  
 Yet seem as much my own  
 As this my soul, which formed apart  
 Dwells in its bodily throne ;—

Or rather, for *that* perishes,  
 As these our two lives are  
 So strangely, marvellously drawn  
 Together from afar ;

Till week by week and month by month  
 We liker seem to grow,  
 As two hill streams, flushed with rich  
 rain,  
 Each into the other flow.

I swear no oaths, I tell no lies,  
 Nor boast I never knew  
 A love-dream—we all dream in youth—  
 But waking, I found *you*,

The real woman, whose first touch  
 Aroused to highest life  
 My real manhood. Crown it then,  
 Good angel, friend, love, wife.

Imperfect as I am, and you,  
 Perchance, not all you seem,  
 We two together, garner up  
 Our past's bright, broken dream



We two together dare to look  
 Upon the years to come,  
 As travellers, met in far countrie,  
 Together look towards home.

Come home, the old tales were not false,  
 Yet the new faith is true ;  
 Those saintly souls who made men  
     knights  
 Were women such as you.

For the great love that teaches love  
 Deceived not, ne'er deceives :  
 And she who most believes in man  
 Makes him what she believes.

Come ! if you come not, I can wait ;  
 My faith, like life, is long ;  
 My will—not little ; my hope much :  
 The patient are the strong.

Yet come, ah come ! The years run fast,  
 And hearths grow swiftly cold—  
 Hearts too : but while blood beats in  
     mine  
 It holds you and will hold.

And so before you it lies bare—  
 Take it or let it lie,  
 It was an honest heart : and yours  
 To all eternity.

### MODERN PENSÉE-WRITERS.—THE HARES, NOVALIS, JOUBERT.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

WHY is it that in a literary point of view, the two grammatical equivalents, "Pensées" and "Thoughts," convey such different impressions? The chief characteristic of a volume of French "Pensées," we feel at once, is that it consists mainly of a number of separate sentences or fragments. We expect nothing of the kind in opening an English pamphlet or volume, entitled "Thoughts," but rather a chain of reasonings or reflections, which simply do not assume the more definite form of a set essay or treatise. For the solution of the question, it will not, I think, serve us much to remark, though it should be observed nevertheless, that two wholly distinct literary forms pass current under the same generic name of "Pensées," and are generally to be found mingled, in posthumous collections especially—the merely fragmentary, and the intentionally detached ; the former often exhibiting thought in its crudest, the latter in its most elaborate shape. But the mingling of the two, instead of being a thing to be complained of, tends, on the contrary, to our gratification, relieving and setting off each by each. The effect is precisely analogous to that of the juxtaposition at the British Museum of the Mineralogical and Palæontological collections, which enables

the mind, when fatigued with the effort of discovering the meaning and supplying the deficiencies of the colourless fragments of past organisms, and imagining them into life again, to find repose in the precise mathematical forms or lovely colours of some specimen of crystallization ; or, when tired again by the definiteness and monotony of these, to give itself free scope once more amidst the indefiniteness of the others, and the tempting glimpses into seemingly endless worlds of the past which they suggest. Precisely so, I repeat it, does the fragmentary thought—the thought broken off while growing, and thereby for ever tempting us to think it out—find its best place by the side of the detached, the slowly crystallized thought, sharp-angled, bright-tinted, but essentially limited. Hence it is that the best volumes of "Pensées" are the posthumous ones, as the most likely to contain a due intermixture of both elements ; those published during life having a very strong tendency to range themselves solely under the second head, and thereby to become fatiguing by their glittering definiteness.

There is no wonder indeed that the French should supply a name for the thing, seeing that they have presented the world at once with the most cha-

characteristic samples of it, and the most numerous; from Pascal, who must be considered as the sovereign lord of this realm of literature, taller by the head and shoulders than any of his subjects, to Vauvenargues in the last century, and Joubert, of whom I have to speak to-day, in this. In England or in Germany, the true French "Pensée," where it can be found, must be sought for under other names. In Germany, the best samples of it, I take it, are mystical, and are perhaps afforded by Jacob Boehmen and Novalis, though chiefly under the fragmentary form. Among ourselves, the earliest leading sample is probably the most perfect; I mean the "Elegant Sentences" of Bacon,—not his "Apophthegms," which are little better than Joe Millers. Where was anything better said than "It is a strange desire which men have, to seek power and lose liberty;" or, "He that studieth revenge, keepeth his own wounds green;" or, "Without good-nature, man is but a better kind of vermin;" or, "Those who want friends to whom to open their griefs, are cannibals of their own hearts;" or again, "The best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express?" To leap over intervening instances, some of the best contemporary ones (though they are but as silver filagree to the solid gold of Bacon) are to be found among the "Aphorisms" contributed by Mr. Helps to "Politics for the People," in 1848, such as, "It is astonishing how keen even stupid people are in discovering imaginary affronts;" "It is surprising how little love we can be well content with, when that love is more than the person giving it gives to anybody else;" "It is a contracted mind that finds pity for suffering or misfortune only;" "Wise men fear the folly of their adversaries far more than their wisdom;" "There is not time enough in life for a man to be very suspicious;" "It is easy for a woman to be self-denying; it is hard for her to be just."

Yet we feel instinctively that no English name is quite appropriate to

the thing. "Aphorism" cuts too hard and sharp; "apophthegm" is pedantic; "maxim" ambitious; "proverb" belongs to the future. So those in our days who have best understood the thing have fallen back upon a humbler word. The "Guesses at Truth," mainly penned by Augustus and Julius Hare, are our most characteristic modern English volume of "Pensées."

Why is this? I ask again, without being able wholly to satisfy myself. As a nation, we are, I should say, eminently sententious, and what is a kindred quality—let the word pass—*quotations*. Our writers of the seventeenth century especially are full of those sparkling crystals of thought which need but to be detached; quotations, from Shakspeare in particular, lie embedded in our common speech and style, to an extent which may surprise many when they begin to notice it. Next to the Spaniards, we are again, perhaps, the nation of the world which is the fondest of proverbs; and one of the most brilliant of our newspapers, the *Examiner*, has for years grounded its popularity in a great measure upon the happy application to passing events of familiar proverbs and grotesque thoughts from popular humourists of the novel or of the stage. It is not, therefore, want of relish for the thing expressed by the French "Pensée," which prevents us from having any word to express it, or from offering any work which shall broadly exemplify it. I am inclined to think that the familiar handling of the Bible, including the typical exemplars of all "Pensées," the "Proverbs" and "Ecclesiastes" and—until modern bigotry placed them out of the poor man's reach—those other noble instances of the same form, "Ecclesiasticus" and "Wisdom," has tended hitherto to dispense with the need of lower samples. For a "proverb" is, so to speak, a "pensée," which has passed from the statical state into the dynamical, one which has been tried and proved, and is known to give a leverage; and therefore it is that the essentially practical English mind rather eschews the "pensée" till it is sure of finding in it

a real help for the work of life. Even now-a-days, when men have become in their own view wiser than the Wise King, and too serious or too funny to appreciate the grave pungency of his humour, it has been sufficient for a modern writer to dilute his wisdom with a *quant. suff.* of modern verbiage in order to build up a reputation on the achievement; since the best part of "Proverbial Philosophy" is (with all deference to its good-natured author) simply Solomon-and-water. Next to the Bible, I suppose that the pregnant sententiousness of Shakspeare has also done much to supply the place amongst us of the missing literary form.

I suspect, therefore, that the absence of an English equivalent for the term "*Pensées*," and the rarity of the thing in a collected shape, is not unconnected with our national character, nor to be lamented in itself. The idea of the "*pensée*"—more than any of those words "*aphorism*," "*apophthegm*," "*maxim*," "*proverb*," which we discarded for one reason or other—is intensely individual. It fixes our minds upon the thinker himself; and is thus a title which perhaps no living man has the right to give, nakedly, to his own work. The live John Thomas may fairly, according to English practice, ask our attention to his "*Thoughts upon*" this subject or that, thus screening himself behind his purpose. Only of the dead John Thomas can it be said by others, that his "*Thoughts*" are worth notice simply because he thought them. Hence the pleasantness and appropriateness of that title, "*Guesses at Truth*," applied to a work first published when its writers were young, touched up by one of them till within the latest years of his life.

The time is long past when this book, of which the fifth edition has appeared within the last few months, could require to be reviewed. The time is scarcely come, the space would certainly fail me here, even if the requisite familiarity with the facts already did not, for pointing out the relation in which the book stands to the life and work of its two chief authors. But it may serve

as a useful term of comparison with the type-work of the kind in modern France—the "*Pensées*" of Joubert.

I cannot, however, pass at once to the latter, without devoting a few lines to the nearest German congener, the "*Fragments*" of Novalis, affording, as they do, a treasury of thought from which scarcely more than a few gold pieces have yet passed into the public domain. The gold is indeed there mostly in the matrix, but you can generally pick it out without much trouble. Take a handful of nuggets:—"Abstract words are the gases of language." "There is progress wherever there is a propensity not only to thought but to after-thought." "The narrower a system is, the better will it please the worldly-wise." "Analysis is the art of divination or invention reduced to rules." "Philosophy is properly a home-sickness, a longing to be everywhere at home." "To know a truth well, one must have fought it out." "We are near to waking, when we dream that we dream." "Wishes and longings are wings." "Chance itself is not unfathomable, it has its regularity." "What logarithms are to mathematics, that are mathematics to other sciences." "Every line is the axis of a world." "Nature is an enchanted city turned to stone." "You may look on Nature as a tree on which we are the bloom-buds." "The power of reproduction is an organic elasticity." "Every transparent body seems to have a kind of consciousness." "A child is a love made visible." "God is the sphere of virtue." "Nature is an Æolian harp, whose tones touch higher chords again in us." "A philosophy of the bad, mediocre, and common, would be of the highest value." "If all the world were a pair of lovers, the distinction between mysticism and non-mysticism would fall away." "The artist belongs to his work, and not the work to the artist." "Many poems are set to music; why not to poetry?" "A king without a republic, and a republic without a king, are words without meaning." "Marriage is to politics what the lever is to mechanics." "Gold

and silver are the blood of the State. Overfulness of blood in head or heart betrays weakness in both." "Possession is ennobled by property, as bodily pleasure by marriage." "Women are a lovely secret, veiled but not closed." "A character is a full-formed will." Not to speak of the well-known and profoundly true "Spinoza is a god-drunk man." Surely it is difficult to conceive of an equal number of thoughts more livingly thoughtful, if I may so speak; or rather (for the word "thoughtful" is itself stational and passive), more *thinking* thoughts — thoughts which more compel us to think beyond themselves. When we recollect that the writer died at nine and twenty, and that the greater part of the "Fragments" were composed four years before, we feel what a promise was there lost—if aught be lost ever.

Very different was the life of Joubert. His "Thoughts" are the gradual accumulation of seventy years of life. The first has all the grave sententiousness of age: "I have given my flowers and my fruit; I am henceforth but a sounding tree-trunk; but whosoever sits down in my shade and hears me, becomes the wiser." Who was the man that could speak with such authority?

Joseph Joubert was born in 1754, the son of a medical man in a small town of Perigord. His chief education was received from the Fathers of the "Christian Doctrine" of Toulouse, with whom he remained till he was twenty-two, and one characteristic of whose system was that their young lay-members received lessons in the morning from their seniors, and gave them to their juniors in the evening. He came to Paris in the year 1778, and mixed at once in its most intellectual circles, making the acquaintance of Marmontel, Laharpe, d'Alembert, becoming intimate with Diderot. But possessing a small independence, he never seems to have taken up a profession, which served, perhaps, to carry him safely through the storms of the great French revolution. Nor does he ever seem to have

meddled with public affairs but during two periods—one of two years, 1790-1792, as "juge de paix;" one apparently of five, from 1809, when named, through his friend M. de Fontanes, Inspector of the University. And to crown all, he would appear never to have published a line, never to have made a speech which came into print. It was only fourteen years after his death that a portion of his "Pensées" were for the first time (1838) collected and edited by his friend Châteaubriand, for private circulation. Reviewed by M. Sainte-Beuve in the *Deux Mondes*, they were afterwards published, and reached a second edition in 1850, increasing in bulk each time, as new thoughts were dug out of his manuscript papers, many of them scattered in absolute disorder, and written only in pencil. Thus has been to some extent falsified one of his sadder sayings, "The silkworm spins his cocoons, and I mine; but they will not be unwound. As it may please God!" Still, we cannot help feeling that the arrangement of his thoughts must be very different from that which he might himself have given them; and that, if "unwound," they may also have got tangled in the unwinding.

Great as may be the contrast between this life and the short one of Novalis, it is not less with that of the Hares, —men engaged in the active business of life; both parish priests, one a university lecturer first, then a dignitary in the church; both deeply interested of life, its realities, its pursuits, its politics; both prolific of their thoughts, and the Archdeacon especially pouring forth lectures, sermons, charges, notes voluminized, with a fecundity which age could scarcely slacken. In his love of books, on the other hand (different from Novalis, whose book-knowledge was but slender), as well as in the charm of his conversation, Joubert fitly recalls Archdeacon Hare. A stranger life, indeed, in this our feverish nineteenth century, can scarcely be imagined than that of Joubert in his house of the Rue St. Honoré; whilst health allowed, at work in his library, a gallery at the very top of the

house, where "much of heaven mixed with little of earth," to use his own expression; latterly, when infirmity increased, in bed till three o'clock amidst piles of books—when he could not read, polishing their bindings—even in his bed surrounded with friends of both sexes, many of them daily visitants. Yet those who knew Hurstmonceux and its library, where even Chevalier Bunsen (who can think of him as Baron?) used, it is said, to discover German authors unknown to himself, may possibly be reminded of it by the picture.

To glance through Joubert's "Pensées" is like uncovering a tray of diamonds. "To reach the regions of light, you must pass through the clouds. Some stop there; others know how to go beyond." "Properly speaking, man only inhabits his head and his heart. All places which are not there may be before his eyes, beside him, under his feet, he is not in them." "Certain minds have a kernel of error which draws and assimilates all to itself." "Questions show the breadth of the mind; answers, its delicacy." "Passions are but nature; not to repent is corruption." "By over-fearing what happens, we come to feel some relief when it has happened." "All passions seek that which feeds them; fear loves the idea of danger." "It is always our impotencies which irritate us." "Tenderness is the repose of passion." "There is nothing good in man but his young feelings and his old thoughts." "Life's evening brings its lamp with it." "Age, neighbour of eternity, is a kind of priesthood." "Each man is his own fate, and spins his future." "Evening meals are the joy of the day; morning feasts are a debauch." "Wear your velvet within; show yourselves amiable to those above all who live with you." "One may convince others by one's own reasons; but one only persuades them by their own." "What is to be done with a mind that is full, and full of itself?" "Who does not know how to be silent obtains no ascendant over others." "Wisdom is rest in light." "Women deem all innocent that they dare."

"Morality needs heaven, as a picture needs air." "Reason is in man the universal supplement to nature's impotency." "To think what one does not feel, is to lie to oneself." "When once the exact idea of duty enters into a narrow head, it cannot get out again." "Without duty, life is soft and boneless, and cannot hold up." "Look not duty in the face, but listen to it and obey it with downcast eyes." "Happy those who have a lyre in their heart, and a music in their mind which their actions perform." "It is not wise to tell one truth to men till you can tell them two." "There are certain errors which one can only get out of from the top." "Some go to error by the way of all the truths; some, happier, go to great truths by the way of all the errors." "Simple and sincere minds are never more than half mistaken." "Metaphysics are a kind of poetry." "The devout are the practical metaphysicians." "High logic needs no argument; it convinces by the very turn of its reasons." "Light is the shadow of God; clearness the shadow of light." "Noise coming from a single place makes all around seem deserted; coming from several places it seems to people even the intervals." "Monuments are clamps which join one generation to another. Preserve what your fathers have seen." "All great men have deemed themselves more or less inspired." "All conquerors have had something vulgar in their views, their genius, and their character." "Justice is truth at work." "In politics you should always leave a bone to pick to the snarlers." "The English are brought up in the respect of serious things, the French in the habit of making game of them." "In literature now-a-days the masonry is good, but the architecture bad." "Children need models more than critics." "Education should be tender and severe, not cold and soft." "Art is skill reduced to theory." "The beautiful is beauty seen with the soul's eyes." "Poets are great-souled, heavenly-minded children." "Poets in seeking the beautiful find more truths



than philosophers in seeking the true." "All languages have gold rolling in them." "Words, like glasses, obscure that which they do not help us to see." "Hold your mind above your thoughts, and your thoughts above your expressions." "Attention is narrow-mouthed. Pour into it what you have to say carefully, and so to speak, drop by drop." "To make apparent that which is very delicate, you must colour it." "The soul naturally sings to herself all that is beautiful, or seems such." "Professional critics can appreciate neither rough diamonds nor gold in bars." "Taste is the soul's literary conscience." "The surprising surprises once; the admirable is always more and more admired." "Perfection leaves nothing to wish at the first glance; but leaves always some beauty, some charm, some merit to be discovered." "Knowledge which takes away admiration is an evil knowledge." "There is nothing worse in the world than a middling book which seems excellent." "Buy not your books shut." "A palace is measured from east to west, or from north to south; but a book is measured from earth to heaven." "You should breathe Plato, not feed on him." "Cicero is in philosophy a kind of moon." "Voltaire in his writings is never alone with himself." "It is impossible to be satisfied with Voltaire, and impossible not to be pleased with him." "Voltaire, like the monkey, has charming movements and hideous features. You always see in him, beyond the cunning hand, the ugly face." . . .

Few, I suppose, would deny the marvellous brilliancy of the above jets of thought; and yet there is something wearisome in their dazzling brightness. Let us take a page from the "Guesses at Truth" (252 of the new edition), and see what effect it produces after the others:—"The difference between man's law and God's law is, that whereas we may reach the highest standard set before us by the former, the more we advance in striving to fulfil the latter, the higher it keeps on rising above us." "When a man is told that the whole of

religion and morality is swanned up in the two Commandments, to love God and to love our neighbour, he is ready to cry, like Charoba in Gebir at the first sight of the sea, *Is this the mighty ocean? is this all?* Yes! all; but how small a part of it do your eyes survey! Only trust yourself to it; launch out upon it; sail abroad over it; you will find it has no end; it will carry you round the world." "He who looks upon religion as an antidote may soon grow to deem it an anodyne; and then he will not have far to sink before he takes to swallowing it as an opiate, or it may be to swilling it as a dram." "The only way of setting the will free is to deliver it from wilfulness." "Nothing in the world is lawless except a slave." "What hypocrites we seem to be whenever we talk of ourselves! our words sound so humble while our hearts are so proud." "Many men are fond of displaying their fortitude in bearing pain. But I never saw any one court- ing blame to show how well he can stand it. They who speak ill of themselves do so mostly as the surest way of showing how modest and candid they are." "There are persons who would lie prostrate on the ground if their vanity or their pride did not hold them up."

Now, my feeling in copying the above page, and, I take it, that of the reader in glancing through it, has been one of rest,—such rest as the eye receives when passing from a closed room artificially lit up into the common light of day. Joubert seems as if he were trying to *make light*; the "Guessers at Truth," rather as if they tried to see better in a light which is not theirs. Bright souls indeed themselves, they sometimes cast back some ray received with a brilliancy as dazzling as Joubert's own; but it is only by accident that we look at them; it is *with* them that we generally look, and that they want us to look. Hence the total absence of that introspection and self-observation which fill the first (and by no means the least interesting) chapter of Joubert's work. Nothing can be truer than much of

what he thus says of himself:—"If there be a man tormented by the cursed ambition of putting a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and that phrase into a word, it is myself." "I know too well what I am about to say without writing it." "It is not my phrase which I polish, but my thought. I stop over it till the *drop of light* which I want is formed, and falls from my pen." "I needed age to learn what I wished to know, and I should need youth to say well what I do know." "Men are accountable for their actions; but for me, it is of my thoughts that I shall have to render account. They serve as the foundation not only for my work, but for my life." "My ideas! it is the house to lodge them which I find it hard to build."—Sayings like these, which every page in his work justifies, illustrate a thought which occurs amidst them, and which might have been the motto of his life—"Shining, I waste."

Now, make what allowances you please for the greater brilliancy of the French mind and temperament; for the training of a man born in 1754, familiar in 1778 with Diderot and the most brilliant minds of a society of which brilliancy was the especial characteristic, and from which it flashed more brightly than perhaps it ever has done in modern times, that of Paris just before the great Revolution; for a physical constitution, naturally or by mismanagement so frail, that, according to a droll speech of Mme. de Chatenay, quoted by himself, Joubert looked like "a soul that had fallen in by chance with a body, and got on with it as best she could,"—make all these allowances, and you will yet, I believe, not find sufficient reason for this perpetual painful striving and straining towards light for its own sake, this endeavour to reflect it from every side of his own mind, which makes Joubert's thoughts a ceaseless dazzle. It is only in his theology that we shall find the explanation of it.

Joubert was, openly, professedly, a Christian and a Roman Catholic. Of the harmless purity of his life, the affectionateness of his heart, the spirituality

of his aspirations, no doubt can be entertained. He was admired, respected, loved by all; venerated by most; idolized by some. And yet, when one looks into his works, one finds that, whilst realizing much of Christianity in his life, and sincerely seeking it as the ideal of his thought, he yet missed, intellectually, the very core of it. The God of his mind is, after all, but the Pagan God—a God-greatness, a God-light, a God-force. "God is so great and vast," he writes, "that to comprehend Him we must divide Him,"—thus indicating that peeling off of Divine attributes (so called), one by one, fashionable in the last century, which leaves only a dry caput-mortuum of Being at the last. "In this operation of imagining God," he says again, "the first means is the human form, the last term light, and in light splendour," thus entirely reversing the Christian revelation of the divine personality of God as being itself the very brightness of all imaginable light,—of "one like unto the Son of Man" as being "in the midst of the seven candlesticks,"—of the Lamb as being the light of the Heavenly City.

So again, "The God of metaphysics is but an idea; but the God of religions, the Creator of heaven and earth, the sovereign Judge of actions and thoughts, is a force. The universe obeys God as the body obeys the soul which fills it." "God has no love for bodies." Now, the conception of God as Greatness, as Light, as Force, is true, no doubt; but it is a partial truth which the Christian shares with the philosopher as such, with the fire-worshipper as such, with the worshipper of force as such. So long as he goes no farther, he may sympathise with each, but not with any beyond. It is only through the conception of God as the Father, of the Father as revealing Himself in the Son, through a Spirit of truth and love, that he obtains a footing upon which he can sympathise with each and all, the philosopher and the peasant, the wise and the rude, the rich and the poor, with man, in a word, as man. Hence it is that when Joubert throws the reins on the neck of his

Platonism, and speaks to his fellow-thinkers, his thoughts are, in their measure, pre-eminently beautiful, and often true. Where was anything said more finely in modern times than the following?—"Whither go our ideas? They go into the memory of God."—"God, in creating them, speaks to souls and to natures, and gives them instructions whereof they forget the source, but of which the impression remains. From that word and that ray thus put in there remain to us, in the greatest darkenings of the soul, and in the greatest inattentions of the mind, a sort of humming murmur and a sort of twilight which never cease, and which disturb us sooner or later in our outward dissipations." But when the same man turns his mind towards the ignorant masses, his conception of a God-light fails him altogether; for the light he seeks is one for the wise, not that "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Then you find him delivering himself as follows: "What renders worship useful is its publicity, its outward manifestation, its noise, its pomp, its clatter (*fracas*), and its universal observance. . . . Religious observances, such as processions, genuflexions, inclinations of the body and of the head, marches, stations, are not of small effect or importance. They bend the heart to piety, and bow the mind to faith. . . . The ceremonies of Catholicism bend us to politeness. . . . You must adorn in men's eyes victims self-offered to God,"—the last, one of those hideous inspirations of Roman monachism which are only worthy of the devil-gods of a Mexican *teocalli*. Hence, again, by a natural consequence, the writer's political doctrines, which consign the bulk of mankind to the good pleasure of their rulers. "Liberty should be as in an urn, and the urn in the prince's hands, to pour it out in fit time."—"Liberty is a tyrant governed by his caprices."—"Liberty, the jury, the usefulness of national representations, are errors." Hence, again, his idea of education as a privilege. "Man's strength," he says in one of his letters, "if it flows to his brain leaves his hands.

. . . Nature has provided for the necessary labours of life, by giving to the greater part of men brains which do nothing." Therefore, new methods are not to be introduced into general education, "for all that may be proposed will always tend to render the art of learning less mechanical; and it is precisely this character which renders it more popular, that is, more suited to the multitude." Hence, lastly, his defence of what he terms "illusion," his implied apology for pious frauds, as when he says, "In facts of a certain order, religious facts, for instance, it matters little that there be some erroneous ones, if the one which one seeks to reach, and reaches through them, is a real fact, as the existence of God;" or, "it is perhaps not the error which deceives from truth to falsehood, but that which deceives from good to evil, which is fatal;" and, above all, the dreadful saying: "God deceives us perpetually, and wills us to be deceived."

Now if we turn to the "Guesses at Truth," we may find, in political matters especially, a great outward analogy of opinion with Joubert. The writers seem all Tories of the Coleridgian school. They abhor revolution; they blaspheme democracy; they are incapable of feeling the worth of the idea of Radicalism. And yet, look beyond the outward husk of opinion, and what a free, noble spirit lies underneath! "I hate to see trees pollarded—or nations." "I like the smell of a dunged field, and the tumult of a popular election." "A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman: a gentleman, in the vulgar, superficial way of understanding the word, is the Devil's Christian." "He who wishes to know how a people thrives under a grovelling aristocracy, should examine how vigorous and thick the blades of grass are under a plantain." Whence this free spirit, this freshness of life, but from faith in a personal God,—a God who essentially reveals Himself as man, and thereby ennoble and sanctifies, not the nature of the philosopher or of the saint, but of the man himself? That passionate love of truth, scornful

of all roundabouts, scornful of all disguises, which so markedly characterised Julius Hare,—which made him so fierce against all truckling and meanness,—found here alone its fulfilment, here alone a well-spring ever new.

And therefore may we find such "Guesses" as his and his brother's wholesome and useful, even when they are not, as thoughts, actually true. Take the very first:—"The virtue of Paganism is strength; the virtue of Christianity is obedience." Recollect that the one noblest act of military virtue in ancient Greece was emphatically stamped as one of obedience,—the fight of Thermopylæ;—that the one noblest act of civil virtue on the same theatre was again essentially one of obedience,—the death of Socrates; think on the absolute despotism of obedience which rules the earlier annals of the Roman Republic,—and you will feel that this saying is at least half a fallacy. And yet, as a "guess at truth," it comes quite near enough to show to us both the mark and the way of hitting it. You may come much nearer. You may say, for instance, "The virtue of Paganism has its source in strength; the virtue of Christianity in obedience;"—or even more pointedly—"Pagan obedience sprang from strength; Christian strength springs from obedience;" and yet I do not know that the value of the guess would not be impaired by its becoming more satisfying.

Our English "guessers" are calling us to think with them: Joubert strives to think for us. A study of this singular mind is perhaps far from useless at a time when an aristocracy of intellect is sought to be set up by many against the aristocracies of birth or fortune, and nameless journalists boast that the government of the world has passed into their irresponsible hands, and serve up to us for thoughts, day by day or

week by week, their "crude imaginings." That any despotism can be more selfish, more narrow, more crushing to everything good and great than that of such an aristocracy, I cannot conceive, nor do I believe that any would ever collapse more utterly into nothingness under a single kick of Force. Joubert, at all events, presents us with the type of one who, if he dreamed of such an aristocracy, was himself most fitted to take the lead in it, and in his literary remains we may observe its best characteristics without its worst.

But he himself far outreached his dream. Nor would either Augustus or Julius Hare have failed to acknowledge a kindred spirit in one whose last written words, at seventy years of age, six weeks before his death, were the following:—

"22d March, 1824. The true, the beautiful, the just, the holy!"

In the very inarticulateness of these words we seem to feel the intercession of a Spirit higher than that of puny man, helping his infirmities "with groanings which cannot be uttered." Joubert had spent much of his life in carving, sharpening, polishing his words and his thoughts. Death comes, and his last bald and disjointed words show that his longings have been higher than his words, and himself greater than his thoughts.

And thus finally, if we would sum up the results of this comparison between three or four remarkable men (from the details of which, as respects Novalis, I have been obliged for want of space to abstain), we shall perhaps find them to be the following: Novalis represents the mystical thinker, Joubert the intellectual, the Hares the practical. The "Fragments" of the first deserve our study; the "Pensées" of the second command our admiration; the "Guesses at Truth" meet us as a friend, to be loved and lived with.

## MACAULAY AS A BOY,

DESCRIBED IN TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF HANNAH MORE.

THE originals of the two following letters are in the possession of the Rev. Arthur Roberts, Woodrising Rectory, Norfolk. Mr. Roberts inherited them from his father, William Roberts, Esq., a friend of Hannah More, and the author of the *Memoirs of her Life and Correspondence*, which appeared in four volumes in 1834. Among the numerous letters of Hannah More included in that work are several addressed to Zachary Macaulay, the father of Lord Macaulay; but the two following letters, then omitted by the biographer, are now published for the first time.

To understand the letters, the reader has to fancy Hannah More as she was in the years 1812-14, residing, at the age of nearly seventy, at Barley Wood, near Bristol. To this neighbourhood (pleasant to her as that of her birth and her early associations) she had retired many years before, leaving the literary world of London, but carrying with her all the celebrity she had there acquired, and her ample store of recollections of Johnson, Burke, Walpole, Garrick, and the other notables of the eighteenth century. A living link between that past Johnsonian era and the new men and interests of the nineteenth century, she was still adding occasional new publications to the long series of her writings which had begun while Johnson was alive to dispense praise and blame; but much of her time was occupied in correspondence on religious, moral, and philanthropic subjects with eminent persons of the day—bishops, politicians, and others—who either liked to exchange views with her, or sought her advice and the influence of her name in matters in which they were concerned. Among her friends was Zachary Macaulay, then a man of between forty and fifty years of age, but already for the last fourteen or sixteen years known (as he was to continue to be known during the rest of

his life) as a conspicuous member of that group of religious philanthropists and anti-slavery politicians to which Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Buxton belonged. From Mr. Roberts's *Memoirs of Hannah More* it appears that Zachary Macaulay was one of her correspondents as early as 1796. What may have given greater intimacy to the friendship then already formed was that the lady whom Zachary Macaulay married about that time was a Miss Sarah Mills, who had been a favourite pupil of Hannah More while yet she and her sisters kept a ladies' school in Bristol—a school celebrated in its day as the best ladies' school in the West of England. For this reason as well as for others Hannah More seems to have taken an unusual interest in the fortunes of the Macaulay family; and from the 25th of October, 1800—on which day her former pupil presented Zachary with the son who was afterwards to be so famous—little Tom Macaulay seems to have been often in her thoughts. She had probably seen him occasionally in infancy and early childhood; she could regard him as derivatively, or by only one remove, a pupil of her own—for till his thirteenth year Lord Macaulay seems to have been educated entirely at home and chiefly by his mother; and there may have been correspondence between the anxious mother and so high an educational authority as Mrs. More respecting the little fellow's training. At all events, before the year 1812 the boy must have been well known to Hannah More both personally and by reports of him from his parents, and must have been not only a great pet of hers, but really remarkable to her as a little prodigy of acquisition. So much is implied in the letters which we proceed to quote.

The first is dated "August 7, 1812," at which time the boy was eleven years



and nine months old. A question, it seems, had then arisen with his parents as to the place and manner of his farther education ; and his father, inclining on the whole to the plan of placing him as a day-scholar at Westminster School, had written to consult Hannah More. Here is her reply :—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I snatch the occasion of Mr. R. Grant being here to convey a line under his cover, so that it must be a hurrying one. As far as my poor judgment goes, it appears to me that, if all other things can be brought to suit, you cannot do better than adopt the plan of which you have conceived the idea, of removing to Westminster for the purpose of placing Tom at school there *by day*. It is only with this limitation that I should think it a safe measure. Throwing boys headlong into those great public schools always puts me in mind of the practice of the Scythian mothers, who threw their newborn infants into the river ;—the greater part perished, but the few who possessed great natural strength, and who were worth saving, came out with additional vigour from the experiment. Yours, like Edwin, 'is no vulgar boy,' and will require attention in proportion to his great superiority of intellect and quickness of passion. He ought to have competitors. He is like the prince who refused to play with anything but kings. Such a place as Westminster School (with the safeguard of the paternal hearth during all the intervals of study) will tie down his roving mind, and pin his desultory pursuits to a point. At present, conscious that he has no rival worthy to break a lance with him, he may not pursue the severer parts of study with sufficient ardour, sure as he must be of comparative success. Next to religion, there is no such drill to the mind, no such tamer, as the hard study and discipline of these schools. In all other respects I think sufficiently ill of them. Nor would I, for all the advantages which the intellect may obtain, throw his pure and uncorrupted mind into such a scene of

danger. Your having him to sleep at home, as well as to inspect in the evenings, I trust will, with the blessing of God, protect him from all mischief of this sort. I never saw any one bad propensity in him ;—nothing except natural frailty and ambition inseparable perhaps from such talents and so lively an imagination ;—he appears sincere, veracious, tender-hearted, and affectionate. I observed *you* have a great ascendancy over him. Your presence restrained the vehemence of his eloquence without shutting up his frankness or impairing his affection. You are quite his oracle ; I trust you will always preserve this influence. I observed with pleasure that though he was quite wild till the ebullitions of his muse were discharged, he thought no more of them afterwards than the ostrich is said to do of her eggs after she has laid them.

"Our love to Mrs. M. and Tom, and pray tell the latter that the huntsman, or whipper-in, I am not certain which, of Childe Hugh<sup>1</sup> is actually dead of the injury he received from falling into the cauldron in which he boils the meat for the hounds. If he was, as we are told, the instrument of Sir Hugh's vengeance, it is a very awful providence. I suppose your young bard will lay hold of it for a second *fit*. I wish he would correct the other, and send it me in a legible (form). Tell him I have been dining at Mr. Davies', and he is to dine here on Friday. I have told him what a champion Tom is in his cause. I read to him Tom's fable, which I inclose.

"Yours, my dear Sir,

"Very sincerely,

"H. MORE.

"BARLEY WOOD,

"August, 7, 1812."

From independent information we are able to add that the boy did not go to Westminster School (in which case that school would have had another great name to add to that long list of her ornaments which includes Camden,

<sup>1</sup> Probably some poem of the boy's, which his father had sent for Hannah More to look at.

Ben Jonson, George Herbert, Cowley, Dryden, and Cowper), but was sent to a select private academy, kept by the Rev. Matthew M. Preston, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, at Shelford, near Cambridge. It was probably during one of the vacations at this academy that he paid the visit to Hannah More at Barley Wood, which is referred to in the second letter. The letter, which is very striking and full of detail, bears unfortunately only the date "21st July," without the year being named; but, from internal evidence, it seems to refer to a slightly more advanced stage of Macaulay's boyhood than the preceding, and Mr. Roberts has furnished us with grounds for thinking that the year was 1814. If so, Macaulay had not quite completed his fourteenth year when it was written. He had been staying for some weeks under Hannah More's roof, and is on the point of departing when she thus conveys to his father her impressions of him.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I wanted Tom to write to-day, but as he is likely to be much engaged with a favourite friend, and I shall have no time to-morrow, I scribble a line. This friend is a sensible youth at Woolwich: he is qualifying for the Artillery. I overheard a debate between them on the comparative merits of Eugene and Marlborough as generals. The quantity of reading that Tom has poured in, and the quantity of writing he has poured out, is astonishing. It is in vain I have tried to make him subscribe to Sir Harry Savile's notion that the poets are the best writers next to those who write prose. We have poetry for breakfast, dinner, and supper. He recited *all* 'Palestine,'<sup>1</sup> while we breakfasted, to our pious friend Mr. Whalley, at my desire, and did it incomparably. I was pleased with his delicacy in one thing. You know the Italian poets, like the French, too much indulge in the prophane habit of attesting the Supreme Being; but without any hint from me, whenever he comes to the sacred name he reverently

passes it over. I sometimes fancy I observe a daily progress in the growth of his mental powers. His fine promise of mind expands more and more, and, what is extraordinary, he has as much accuracy in his expression as spirit and vivacity in his imagination. I like too that he takes a lively interest in all passing events, and that the *child* is still preserved; I like to see him as boyish as he is studious, and that he is as much amused with making a pat of butter as a poem. Though loquacious, he is very docile, and I don't remember a single instance in which he has persisted in doing anything when he saw we did not approve it. Several men of sense and learning have been struck with the union of gaiety and rationality in his conversation. It was a pretty trait of him yesterday: being invited to dine abroad, he hesitated, and then said, 'No; I have so few days, that I will give them all to you.' And he said to-day at dinner, when speaking of his journey, 'I know not whether to think on my departure with most pain or pleasure—with most kindness for my friends, or affection for my parents.'

"Sometimes we converse in ballad rhymes, sometimes in Johnsonian sesquipedalians; at tea we condescend to riddles and charades. He rises early, and walks an hour or two before breakfast, generally composing verses. I encourage him to live much in the open air; this, with great exercise on these airy summits, I hope will invigorate his body; though this frail body is sometimes tired, the spirits are never exhausted. He is, however, not sorry to be sent to bed soon after nine; and seldom stays to our supper.

"A new poem is produced less incorrect than its predecessors—it is an excellent satire on radical reform, under the title of 'Clodpole and the Quack Doctor.' It is really good. I am glad to see that they are thrown by as soon as they have been once read, and he thinks no more of them. He has very quick perceptions of the beautiful and the defective in composition. I received your note last night, and Tom his

<sup>1</sup> Heber's poem of that name.

humbling one.<sup>1</sup> I tell him he is incorrigible in the way of tidiness. The other day, talking of what were the symptoms of a gentleman, he said with some humour, and much good humour, that he had certain infallible marks of one, which were neatness, love of cleanliness, and delicacy in his person. I know not when I have written so long a scrawl, but I thought you and his good mother would feel an interest in any trifles which related to him. I hope it will please God to prosper his journey, and restore him in safety to you. Let us hear of his arrival.

"Yours, my dear Sir,

"Very sincerely,

"H. MORE.

\* BARLEY WOOD,

"21st July.

"P.S.—To-morrow we go to Bristol."

In 1814, Mr. Preston removed from Shelford to Aspenden, near Herts, taking young Macaulay and his other pupils with him. A fellow-pupil of Lord Macaulay's at Aspenden, from 1815 onwards, informs us that here he was the same studious, extraordinary boy, that Hannah More had found him—rather largely-built than otherwise, but not fond of any of the ordinary physical sports of boys; with a disproportionately large head, slouching or stooping shoulders, and a whitish or pallid complexion; incessantly reading or writing, and often reading or repeating poetry in his walks with companions. The same fellow-pupil has favoured us with the following verses carried in his memory yet, as written by young Macaulay for the entertainment of the school. The persons named were men then of note in the world of public gossip—Marsh being the bishop of that name; Coates

the famous Romeo Coates; Bennett an aristocratic prison-reformer, and Lewis Way (we suppose) some advocate of Jewish rights.

"Each, says the proverb, has his taste.  
Tis true:

Marsh loves a controversy; Coates a play;

Bennett a felon; Lewis Way a Jew;  
The Jew the silver spoons of Lewis Way;

The Gipsy Poetry, to own the truth,  
Has been *my* love through childhood,  
and in youth."

From Mr. Preston's academy, Macaulay proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1818, from which date the steps of his career are well known. His father died May 13, 1838, having lived to see his son a public man. Hannah More had departed this life five years before (1833), at the age of eighty-eight—having seen her young prodigy making her predictions good. It is pleasant to add that Lord Macaulay cherished a warm recollection of Hannah More, and used to acknowledge his obligations to her, and the influence she had had in directing his reading, and that as late as 1852, when himself driving as an invalid past the house near Clifton where she had spent her last years after quitting Barley Wood, he pointed out the house to a friend (our informant), and spoke of her with affection. One ought to remember also that, through Hannah More, as through a second memory, Macaulay had a more vivid tradition of the English literary society of the eighteenth century, and of the personal habits of Johnson and his contemporaries, than might otherwise have been possible, and that something of this may be traced in his works.

As we revert to the two letters, there is something very touching just now in the light which they throw on the dawn of the remarkable career which has just closed. Westminster Abbey, and the public funeral: here is the fitting end. We turn from it; and the quiet country home at Barley

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Roberts informs us that in 1814 Zachary Macaulay set his son to make the Index to vol. xiii. of the *Christian Observer*; and the "humbling" note received by Tom at Barley Wood, may have been the order for this task, accompanied by a paternal lecture on tidiness and exactitude.

Wood, with the bright boy reciting poems, writing fables, and conversing in ballad rhymes, or Johnsonian sesquipedalians, with his gentle, pious, clear-sighted hostess, is a sight which should do us good. Here was the beginning. There never was a better instance of the truth that the child is father to the man; the special charm, however, of the letters is, that while giving a very lively idea of his great gifts, they bring out all the lovable side of the boy's character so freshly and clearly. The writer excuses herself for penning such long scrawls by the thought that his father and mother would feel an interest in any trifles which related to him. She scarcely thought how wide a circle would one day be thankful for her

trifles. One can only heartily hope that all future Englishmen of mark may fall under equally loving and judicious supervision. One cannot help hoping also that there may be other equally loving and graphic sketches of the young historian scattered up and down the country, which may now come to light.

It is most curious to observe how the mind of the little Macaulay as seen in Hannah More's letters, is already full of exactly the subjects on which the grown man was never weary of labouring, and on which his fame rests. Ballad poetry, biography, history, oratory, and politics, are as much the objects of his devotion at thirteen as they were afterwards.

### THE AGE OF GOLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

—BUT not that precious metal with a Queen's head upon it, which you, O anxious-eyed Paterfamilias, shovel up on a copper scoop from the Bank counter; or you, bare-armed and be-jewelled Materfamilias, stop to fasten somewhere about your elegant evening dress, in passing from your nursery-door to your carriage. The gold here referred to is none of yours. You have forgotten you ever had it, or maybe you never had it at all; for it does not fall to the lot of every one, even in childhood. But your little, quiet, pale-cheeked boy, crouching in a window-seat with his knees up to his chin, and a book upon them; or your bright-eyed, clever girl, the Dinarzade of the nursery, sitting in the gloaming with the little ones round her, spinning "stories" without end: they know all about it. They are in the very midst of the treasure: it lies about them in ungathered heaps; morning, noon, and night. They eat of it, drink of it, wear it, play with it; it is their own rightful property in fee and entail—and as such will descend through generations to the last child that ever is to be born upon this earth. A possession in one sense

unalienable; for though it, and the very memory of it, may fade—the influence which it has unconsciously exercised remains, and remains for ever. Every good thought and noble act of after life may, nay must, have originated in the Age of Gold.

By that phrase, is not implied the age of innocence. Much poetic nonsense is talked concerning the "innocence" of children. Taking a sober, candid revision of our own childhood, or that of our "co-mates, and brothers in exile," still left on pilgrimage at our side, and therefore not necessary to be exalted as with a not unworthy tenderness, we are fain to exalt into angelic perfection those children who remain such always—few of us can remember being very good or very happy in those early days. Most of us, we confess—let it rather be said, we *hope*—were a great deal naughtier then than we are now;—else, what would have been the use of our remaining on probation here? we should have put on our wings, and mounted direct to paradise.

But we were anything but infantile angels, and we know it. We recall

with contrition our affectations, conceits, jealousies, selfishnesses, meannesses—not to count those fierce angers and revenges—excusable, perhaps in degree inevitable, when the blood is hot, and quick, and young. Nor do we remember being so very happy. Then, as now—nay, far more, thank Heaven, then, than now—did we

“Look before and after,  
And pine for what is not;  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain was fraught;”

—pain, sharpened by the fact that it was new and incomprehensible; that we either fought furiously against it, as an injustice and a wrong, or hugged it to our hearts with a kind of morbid pleasure; thereby laying the foundation of that diseased state of mind, which out of an over-sensitive child, makes a nervous, fretful, useless woman, or a discontented, egotistic, miserable man.

Surely, considering how vividly all impressions must come to the being so new to this world, and how the balance of mental sensations and emotions must necessarily be as undecided and untrue as that of the physical powers, the extreme happiness of childhood becomes almost as mythical as its great innocence. We believe in neither. And yet we believe, solemnly, deeply, pathetically, thankfully, in the Age of Gold.

It does not, as was said before, come to all children. Human beings are not—though many good, deluded people, try to make them—all of one mould and one pattern; to be reared in shoals, like tadpoles, each with the prescribed head, body and tail, out of which it is to emerge into a uniform maturity of complete frogdom. Not so. Apparently, Omniscient Wisdom, at least in us, His immortal creatures, wishes to combine infinite unity with infinite variety—a law we cannot too early recognise, especially concerning children.

Thus, the boy being “father to the man,” possesses even in babyhood the germ of that individuality which is to distinguish him from other men. We cannot conceive Benjamin Franklin, that prince of practicality, with his im-

memorial recipe for the making of expedientialists, “Honesty is *the best policy* ;” or that “Successful Merchant”, who began his career with buying a lollipop for a penny, and selling it for twopence—we cannot, I say, imagine these notable characters ever to have had an age of gold. They would probably deny that there was such a thing. And yet it is a truth; just like “first love” or boyish friendship, and many another thing that some of us grow out of and live to laugh at; until possibly in old age it may rise up and stare us in the face as the one reality of our existence. However the fashion of them may alter and pass away, woe be to us, if we have been false to the dreams of our youth! ay, or our childhood either; if we should come to despise or offend one of these little ones, delighting itself in the impossible happinesses, indescribable lovelinesses, and never-to-be attained virtues, that constitute its age of gold.

This age, and the sort of children who enjoy it, may be indicated by one word, Imagination,—that strange faculty which rationalistic philosophers present as the solution of many difficult problems, but yet which is itself the greatest problem of all. What is it—this power, which enables the human mind to *create*? not merely to put together certain known facts or materials, and derive therefrom certain conclusions or results—but to originate, to make something out of nothing, to transform intangible fancies into credible, or at least credited realities? To which question the answer is probably as difficult as it must be for the conscientious atheist—and there is such a thing—to explain away by logical induction, how it was that the first idea of God (granted any sort of God, Hebraic, heathen, or Braminical, if only a being immortal and immutable,) ever entered into the mind of any being merely human, and subject to all the laws and accidents of mortality, change, decay, and death.

Curious, wonderful, almost awful, is it to watch and investigate this faculty, the first to be developed in nearly every child, and lasting during the whole



period of infancy and adolescence; either passively, in the universal delight with which, from the earliest dawn of intelligence, a child listens to a "tory"—or actively, when it begins to invent one for itself. What astonishing historiettes result—queer mingling of the real and the ideal, till you hardly know whether it would be wiser to smile at the eccentric fancy and brilliant invention of the prattler at your knee, or gravely to admonish it for "lying." There are many children of vivid imagination, who, even to themselves, can hardly distinguish between what they see and what they invent, and have to be taught, by hard and patient lessons, the difference between truth and falsehood. For instance, a little fellow we knew, scarcely past the lisping age, used day after day and week after week to relate to mother and nurse continuous biographies of his "brother William," and a certain "Crocus bold" (both equally fabulous characters); how he used to meet them on the sea-shore, and go sails with them—how "the Crocus bold" fell out of the boat, and "my brother William" jumped overboard, and fished him up again; and how they two lived together in a bay the child named—a real bay—and "sold lobsters," &c. &c. Amidst all the laughter created by this story, told with the gravest countenance by the young relater, who was exceedingly displeased if you doubted his veracity for a moment—it produced an uneasy sensation, not unlike what one would feel in listening to a monomaniac, who tells you earnestly how he

"Sees a face you cannot see,"—

though perhaps it is, he avers, looking over your shoulder at this very time. Or rather, that curious bewilderment with which one hears the statement of a modern Spiritualist, probably in all respects but this a very sensible, rational person, who relates "communications" as lengthy as they are ludicrous, from the invisible world; informs you, and expects you to believe, that he has seen spirit-wreaths moved from head to head by spirit-hands,

and felt soft dead-cold fingers clasping his under his respectable dining-table. You cannot deny these things, without accusing good people of voluntary mendacity: you have, therefore, no resource but to set it all down to "the force of imagination."

But what is Imagination?—None of us on this side immortality is ever likely to be able clearly to understand or define.

It remains, therefore, only for us to accept the manifold developments of this faculty, the nature and causes of which we can never satisfactorily demonstrate. We can but use it as we are meant to use all our faculties—reverently, judiciously, cautiously. And as to those who are given to our charge—those helpless little ones, who, so far as we see, will owe it to us whether they grow up to be, unto themselves and society, a blessing or a curse—we can but try and learn wisely to guide that which we have no power either to annihilate or to repress.

A few serious thoughts of this kind, consequent on going through a course of what may be termed Infantile Imaginative Literature, resulted in the present paper, which, however, only offers the merest and vaguest suggestions on a subject daily becoming more important—viz. the character, tone, and matter, most suitable for children's books.

On this question there is one wide split between "the parents of England." We find them divide into realists and idealists—the one faction going the whole length of fairy tales, "Arabian Nights," &c. &c.—the other protesting that no book which is not strictly and absolutely true, should ever be placed in a child's hands. To argue this moot question would be idle; though it may be just hinted in passing that we have the Highest authority for the presentation of truth through fiction, and that the fiercest realist would hardly venture to accuse the Divine Relator of the Gospel parables of *lying*.

Let us grant, then, that imagination is a child's birthright, its strongest tendency, its keenest enjoyment. No person will doubt this who has ever been

either tale-teller, or tale-hearer, of any sort of tale, from the most ordinary reproduction of ordinary infant life—"There was a little boy and he had a garden"—to one of those wildly improbable romances that a child will sometimes invent, about fairies and genii, and what not—winding and unwinding, without connexion or plot, the most confused succession of events and characters, and combining all that the baby mind has ever read or heard of with original ideas of the most extraordinary kind, of which you wonder how they ever got into the child's head at all! And all the while the wide-open, wonder-filled eyes are fixed on yours, and the grave little voice goes on with a quiet conviction of its own veracity, which at times perfectly staggers you. You cannot help feeling, though you may be the very mother who bore it, that there is something in the creature which you cannot understand, something above you and beyond you, which tells you that this little one, created of your flesh, is yet distinct from you, a separate existence, immortal, with all the needs, instincts, and responsibilities of mortally-invested immortality. How awful this makes *your* responsibilities, is there any need to urge?

So, in swift and sure succession, like heirs coming into their inheritance, do individuals out of all generations enjoy the age of gold; some of us entering upon it so early that we never remember the time when it was not ours. All the personages in the Arabian Nights, and in the classic old fairy-tales, together with Lemuel Gulliver, Robinson Crusoe, and a few more, seem to have been with us, and to have gone along with us during all our childhood, co-existent companions, as real as any of the living playmates, most of whom have now become as unreal characters as they.

And yet it is curious in thus attempting to analyse our old selves, to find what a duality of nature there was in us, and what a distinctly double world we lived in; half of it being composed of strong realities—breakfasts, dinners, suppers, school, play, and bed-time,—

wherein we fed and quarrelled, hated spelling and adored mince-pies, with true animal intensity: while the other half was a region of pure imagination, in which we roamed and revelled, unfettered by any moral consciousness, or indeed any mundane necessities whatsoever. *How* the seven brothers were turned into swans, and the white cat into a princess; whether it was right of Puss-in-boots to tell such atrocious falsehoods about "my Lord, the Marquis of Carabas;" and for young Hop-o'-my-thumb to cause that simple-minded Ogre to commit unintentional suicide by the delicious deception of the leathern bag and the hasty pudding—were questions that never troubled us. We believed it all—that is, our fancy did; and fancy alone is the first shape assumed by that strange quality which we here term imagination, or the imaginative faculty.

This fact may serve as a hint to those who write for children. All a child wants, at first, is "a story:" about good or bad people matters not,—whether with or without a moral, 'tis all the same. Every impression must be conveyed in the broadest colouring and simplest outline. The young mind instinctively refuses to perplex itself with nice distinctions of right and wrong. Brave little Jack attacking the cruel giants, Cinderella's unkind sisters punished by seeing her exaltation, and, in fact, the general tenor of old-fashioned fairy-lore, where all the bad people die miserably, and all the good people marry kings and queens, and live very happy to the end of their days, furnish as much moral teaching as can well be taken in at the age of six or seven. And the intellectual, like the physical appetite, is not a bad gauge of its own capacity of digestion.

Therefore, we cannot help suggesting that there may be some little mistake in the flood of moral and religious literature with which our hapless infants are now overwhelmed: where every incident is "usefully applied," and the virtuous and the wicked walk about carefully labelled, "this is good," "this

is bad ;" so that no child can possibly mistake one for the other. And, without wishing to blame a very well-meaning class of educators, it may fairly be questioned how far it is wholesome to paint children going about converting their fathers and mothers, and youthful saints of three and a half prating confidently about things which, we are told, "the angels themselves desire to look into," yet cannot, or dare not. We honestly confess that we should very much prefer "Jack the Giant-killer."

However, in spite of all these modern instructors of youth, we delight to find the old non-moral—let us not say immoral—literature still flourishing. Witness a one-volume family edition of the "Arabian Nights," illustrated by W. Harvey;<sup>1</sup> and a still more charming volume, adorned by even better artists—to wit, Absolon, Harrison Weir, &c.—who, undisdaining, have taken our ancient friends Mother Hubbard, Little Bo-peep, Poor Cock Robin, the Babes in the Wood, &c. ; with prose favourites, the two heroic Jacks of glorious memory, Cinderella, Whittington, Goody Two-shoes, and Tom Thumb ; also the modern Three Bears and Andersen's Leaden Soldier;<sup>2</sup> and pictured them all with a poetic feeling and a true high-art fidelity to nature which cannot be too highly praised. No child in the three kingdoms could have a better birthday present than this pretty book. Or, another, the "Children's Pilgrim's Progress,"<sup>3</sup> the preface to which will explain itself.

"The Allegory contained in John Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' is certainly one of the most beautiful that ever was written. It is, however, so overlaid with repetition and conversations about questions of doctrine which no child can possibly understand, that I am constrained to believe no young people can ever read the whole book through without being wearied. It is for them that I have

printed the present edition, in which the whole story of the Allegory is given in the Author's own words, (with occasional exceptions,) and in which the long conversations I refer to are omitted. At the end of the volume are a few Notes in explanation of the Allegory."

An allegory out of which centuries of older Christians have drawn more truth and consolation than out of any book, except the Holy Bible. But to children it is, and ought to be, merely "a story." They, to whom the perplexities of doctrine must be wholly unintelligible, prated of in that lip-fashion which is something worse than ludicrous—revolting, may yet receive Christian and Faithful, the Slough of Despond and the Celestial City, as ideal pictures—first strongly impressed on the fancy as pictures only ; to be afterwards vivified with that glorious reality—that truth of God, with which He inspired old John Bunyan ; which makes children of a larger growth read, with tears in their eyes, or with a yearning unutterable at their hearts, of the "burthen" which fell from Christian at the foot of the cross ; of the Shining Ones, who walked in the Land of Beulah ; of the river which was "very deep ;" of the city which "shone like the sun."

In a child's book no "preaching" should be admissible. The moral of it should always be left to speak for itself, even as speaks, in all its various voices, the wonderful history of life. Not in vain ; when, however lamely and imperfectly, it is only told truly : for the silent truth-telling of fiction is one of the strongest agencies that can be set to work upon the human mind, at any age. We knew a precocious little damsel, who, put in charge of a younger child, was made for days a miserable martyr—being waked regularly at four A.M. by the obstreperous infant of seven years, to "tell stories." She told—and remonstrated, begged for sleep, and was roused up again—till at last it struck her that, entreaties being wasted, she would weave the moral "selfishness" into her tale ! How she managed it, memory fails to recall ; but it so subdued her young tyrant, that in the dim light of

<sup>1</sup> The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Illustrations by William Harvey. Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.

<sup>2</sup> Popular Nursery Tales and Rhymes. Illustrated. Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.

<sup>3</sup> The Children's Pilgrim's Progress. With sixteen illustrations by Edward Wehnert. Bell and Daldy.

dawn repentant arms were thrown round the narrator's neck, with an earnest promise "to be a good little girl, and not tease you any more;" which promise was faithfully kept. The twelve-year-old story-teller has "preached" through a good many volumes since, and the small listener, if still alive, is probably a comely mistress of a family, with

"Twa weans at her apron and ane at her knee."

—but this true incident may suggest to both mothers and tale-writers for children how much power they have to teach, if they take care that their lessons be conveyed, as life's lessons invariably are, by implication rather than direct admonition.

As an instance where this is done, and well done, we may give "*Princess Ilse*,"<sup>1</sup> a German translation;—by the bye, there needs an earnest protest against the injustice of putting only the translator's name, and not the author's. It is a charming specimen of this kind of legendary allegory so attractive to both elders and juniors: the outward design being worked out with true poetic unity of detail, and the under meaning conveyed with such clearness, that even a child could hardly miss it.

"*Princess Ilse*" is a personification of the stream so named, which we conclude to be a real river in the Hartz mountains. She is first presented as "a youthful streamlet, wrapped in a white veil, lying on the ground and weeping bitterly," on an Alpine summit, whence she had refused to descend, after the Deluge, to the "green bed" prepared for her by the angel of her course.

"'Poor child,' said the good Angel; 'why are you remaining here all alone on the rugged mountains? Are all the others gone, and none remembered to take you with them?'"

"The little Ilse, however, tossed her head quite saucily, and said, 'I am not forgotten. Old Weser waited long enough, calling and making me signs to go with him; and both Ecker and Ocker tried to seize me. But I did not choose to go; nothing would induce me; I would rather perish here. Was I to

descend into the valley, and traverse the plain like a common brook for menial service, to slake the thirst of cows and sheep, and to wash their plebeian feet?—I, the Princess Ilse! Look at me, and see if I am not of a noble race! A ray of light was my father, and the clear air my mother; my brother is the diamond, the dewy pearl in a rose my beloved little sister. The billows of the Deluge bore me high aloft: I played on the snowy summits of the most lofty mountains, and the first ray of sunshine which broke through the clouds embroidered my dress with glittering spangles. I am a Princess of the purest water, and I really cannot descend into the valley! I therefore preferred hiding myself, and pretended to be asleep; and old Weser, with his train of sluggish brooks, who have nothing better to do than to rush into his arms, was at last forced to pursue his course grumbling.'

"The Angel shook his head sadly at this long speech of little Ilse, and looked gravely and searchingly at her pale face; and as he gazed long and steadily into her childish large blue eyes, which to-day emitted angry flashes, then he saw in their clear depths a dark spot moving, and he knew that an evil guest was harboured in the head of little Ilse. A little Demon of Pride had entered there, and driven away all pious thoughts, and looked mockingly at the good Angel out of the large blue eyes of poor little Ilse. \* \* \* \*

"'Dear Ilse,' for thus spoke the Angel, 'as you remained here from your own choice, and considered it beneath your dignity to descend into the plain with the other streams, surely you ought to be quite contented, and I cannot understand why you choose to weep and lament.'

"'Alas!' answered Ilse, 'when the waters were all gone, dear Angel, the stormy wind came to sweep the hills, and when he found me here, he was quite furious; he roared and raged, and scolded and shook me, and threatened to dash me from this rock into a deep black abyss, where no ray of light ever shines. I wept and prayed, and pressed myself trembling against the sides of the rock; at last I succeeded in escaping from his strong grasp, and hid myself in a fissure of the precipice.'

"'But as you cannot always succeed in hiding yourself,' spoke the Angel, 'for the Storm-wind sweeps clean, and keeps good order up here, you must see, dear Ilse, that it was foolish of you to remain here all alone; and I think you will gladly follow me, when I offer to lead you to the good old Weser and your young companions.'

"'On no account whatever!' cried the little Ilse; 'I will stay up here,—I am a Princess!'"

"'Ilse!' said the Angel, in his gentle soft voice, 'dear little Ilse! I like you, and therefore you will, I hope, oblige me and be a good child. Do you see that white morning cloud sailing in the spacious blue sky? I will hail

<sup>1</sup> *Princess Ilse: a Legend.* Translated from the German by Lady Maxwell Wallace. Bell and Daldy.

it, and it will descend on this spot; then we will both take our places in it. You shall lie down on the soft snowy cushions, and I will be beside you; and the cloud will quickly transport us to the deep valleys where the other brooks are. There, I will place you gently in your pretty green bed, stay with you, and relate stories, and bestow pleasant dreams on you.'

"Princess Ilse was, however, incurably perverse; she called out again, more crossly and imperiously than before, 'No! no! I won't go down—I don't choose to go down!' And when the kind Angel approached her, and wished to take her in his arms, she tried to push him away and dashed water in his face!

"The Angel seated himself sorrowfully on the ground, and the little headstrong Princess crept back into the crevice of the rock, quite proud that she had shown so much decision of character; and though the Angel repeatedly endeavoured to persuade her to go with him, she only gave him short repulsive answers.

"When the good Angel at last saw that, in spite of all his love, he had no power over little Ilse, and that the little Demon of Pride had got complete mastery over her mind, he turned away from the perverse child, sighing heavily, and sought out his own blessed companions, who were still busily engaged below.

"When Princess Ilse found herself once more alone on the summit of the Alps, she wished to enjoy her lofty position. She crept forth from the crevice of the rock, placed herself on a jutting crag, spread out her vaporous drapery in wide folds, and waited to see if the other hills would not bow down before her, and the clouds approach to kiss the hem of her garment. Nothing of the kind, however, occurred, notwithstanding the dignified air of the lofty little lady; so at last she became weary of remaining in one place, began to feel very desolate, and said with a low sigh, 'I could have borne a certain portion of ennui, befitting my rank, but so much of it is more than even a Princess can be expected to endure!'

But evil comes—in the shape of the Demon of the Brokenberg, who persuades her to slip into a shining shell, and be transported to his witch-festival on the Hartz mountains; where she hears herself called "a tea-kettle" princess, and learns that she is to be boiled in the unholy cauldron. Nevertheless, she contrives to escape to the "green forest," and there flows calmly and safely on; notwithstanding that the demon sends the north wind and the winter frost to bring back to his clutches the "ethereal child." But in

vain; and she lives on her peaceful, happy life of many hundred years.

How, afterwards, becoming subject to advancing civilization, which converts the forest into an iron-works, and makes it populous with toiling and suffering humanity, the little stream condescends to turn a mill, to wash poor folk's clothes, and even to be boiled on the household fire, careless of the obnoxious title "tea-kettle princess,"—all this, readers may learn for themselves.

Another book of somewhat similar character, where lessons of the purest Christian morality gleam like threads of gold through the web of a beautiful story, is "Tom Thumb;"<sup>1</sup> where a novel writer, well-known and well-beloved, has used her genius to delight children; weaving together the old familiar nursery tale, the poetic legend of King Arthur, and the Shaksperian fairy-lore in a manner that will charm old and young. The little book is so complete in itself, that to extract from it would be unfair. We can only wish that both its author, and its anonymous illustrator, may yet send forth many similar child's books for the benefit of the new generation.

Frances Freeling Broderip, daughter of him who so exquisitely sang the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," has surely been gifted by them with the faculty of delighting children. No "Little Folk," and few great ones, could fail to appreciate the "Snail who came of a Distinguished Family."<sup>2</sup>

"May I ask whom I have the honour of speaking to?" asked a large Snail, with a fine ring-marked shell, who was leisurely feasting on a low branch of a very fine crop of green peas.

"My name is Atalanta," quietly replied a sober-looking Caterpillar of a greenish-black colour, with a spotty yellowish band running along his sides.

"Dear me, what a ridiculously fine name

<sup>1</sup> The History of Sir Thomas Thumb. By the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe," &c. Illustrated by J. B. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co.

<sup>2</sup> Funny Fables for Little Folk. By Frances Freeling Broderip. Illustrated by her brother, Thomas Hood. Griffiths and Farran.



for such a dingy creature; "Deadleaf" would be far more consistent with the faded colour of your vestments, which seem to have seen better days. I hope you are not hungry, my good fellow, and that you have not come on a foraging expedition; because I must tell you that this row of peas is especially the peculiar property and feeding-ground of my family, and our own cousins, the Slugs."

"Don't alarm yourself," said the Caterpillar, "I don't care for peas. I always prefer something more highly seasoned; indeed nettles are my principal food."

"Indeed," said the Snail, patronizingly; "and I daresay, now, you consider them good eating. What a bountiful provision there is for the lower orders! How many more nettles there are than rows of peas or beds of strawberries! We, more delicate and refined beings, who are particular in our fare, are not so bounteously provided. For myself, I prefer early green peas; I don't care about them when they get the least old and hard. I am partial to strawberries, when ripe and full-flavoured. When I am really pushed to it for food, however, I can make a meal on the heart of a young mild cabbage-lettuce."

"You are easily satisfied, then," remarked the Caterpillar; "not very dainty in your eating, seemingly."

"Yes," said the Snail, with a virtuous air; "I am, alas! used to the ups and downs of life, and have known times of great scarcity. Why, do you know, I have really passed one or two summers almost without tasting an apricot or peach?"

"You must have suffered much, then," said the Caterpillar.

"Indeed I have," sighed the Snail, "for a member of such ancient lineage. We are of as good family as any in the land, being cousins only once removed from the fat white Dorking Snails. They, as you have doubtless heard, are illustrious exiles from the sunny land of France. Still, even the highest and noblest meet with occasional misfortunes, and I have had my share. I have been tormented by those obnoxious articles called gardeners, to a fearful extent; in fact, they only seem made to be a perpetual penance to us. The trouble they have given me, I am sure, no one would believe. Many times have I snugly established myself in a pleasant grove of ivy, intending to make my winter residence there; but no! the perverse wretches would not let me alone, but must send me flying over the railings into the road. Fortunately my house is strong and well built, so I have never come to any material harm. The greatest annoyance, besides flying through the air in that breathless way, has been from being obliged to walk back over the dusty, gritty road, through the garden gate again."

"You are not very easily daunted, then," said the Caterpillar, who had listened with amusement to all this pompous oration.

"Oh, dear, no!" said the Snail, affectedly;

"we must not let a little daunt us, and deter us from our purpose. And so, when I am sent flying thus, as I am obliged to change my residence, I do so for the better, and locate myself in the middle of a clump of nice choice carnations, or a blooming pansy."

"But suppose the ruthless gardener should find you there, and crunch you without remorse," suggested the Caterpillar.

"Why, then, "I shall have lived my life," and leave my children to carry on an illustrious line. By the way, I have a most promising family of this season, feeding yonder on those young shoots. Their shells are almost hard already."

"They seem to have voracious appetites for such small creatures," observed the Caterpillar; "notwithstanding their delicate rearing."

"They are young," said the Snail, haughtily, "and require plenty of nourishment to sustain their delicate nervous systems. By the way, where do you lodge for the night? I suppose you are obliged to put up with anything."

"Why, I generally curl myself up in a leaf," said the Caterpillar. "I find it very airy and well ventilated in the warm weather."

"Ah, poor fellow!" said the Snail, compassionately; "what a vagrant, gipsy sort of life. You should have a house like mine; it is so much more respectable to be a householder."

"I should think such property must bring its own responsibility, and often become burdensome," said the Caterpillar. "Don't you find it a great load to carry?"

"Oh, dear, no!" answered the snail; "and only consider the comfort of being able to draw in your head in safety from your enemies."

"Thrushes manage, though, to demolish your mansions sometimes, don't they?" asked the Caterpillar, mischievously.

"Sometimes, but not very often; and then one must put up with a few dangers on account of one's dignity and exalted situation. Take my advice, and get a house; I dare say you can find a few empty ones lying about, quite good enough for your limited wants. And now, as I see my friend, Sir Helix, coming this way, I must leave you; and I will beg of you to go a little further off, my good fellow, as he is not very fond of new acquaintances, unless they are extremely select."

"Some time after, while our Snail was slowly creeping along on his way to a fine fruit tree, richly laden, he beheld not far above his head a gorgeous creature. Its wings, of a rich velvet-like black, were edged with the most brilliant blue; splendid scarlet bands, that seemed robbed from the poppy itself, were, as it were, embroidered upon them, studded with snowy spots of pure white. On the underneath these lovely wings were painted, as if in imitation of an Indian shawl. Rich shades of golden brown were mingled with delicate patterns of red, amber, and blue, in the most harmonious manner.

"Good morning, your Royal Highness," said the Snail, obsequiously; "we are deeply honoured by your condescending visit."

"And who may you be?" inquired the lovely creature, languidly. "You seem a slow, humble sort of body; and your bundle on your back, too; how very amusing."

"The Snail was deeply mortified at the ridicule of the Butterfly, but did not presume to reply, for fear of giving offence. Those who are most overbearing to their inferiors, are generally servile enough to those who are above them in station."

"Do you carry your food in that funny sort of cupboard on your back?" inquired the Butterfly; "pray what do you live on, you grovelling creatures?"

"Please your Highness, this is my house, my little cottage; and as for food, we snails live on peas, lettuces, or strawberries, when we can get them."

"Oh, you coarse things," said the Butterfly, "how very unpleasant! But all you lower orders are so uncouth in your habits. I suppose you have no idea what the taste of honey is like?—that is the nectar upon which we feed."

"The Snail professed his ignorance very humbly, hoping to get an invitation to the Butterfly's domain."

"Poor drudging thing!" said the Butterfly, with an air of supreme pity, "toiling along the dusty road with all your goods and chattels on your back. Now, when we are tired of reposing in a lily, we spread our light wings and go next door to a rose. We feed on the sweetest dews and the purest and finest honey. We soar into the air on our jewelled wings, and fly hither and thither over garden and meadow, wheresoever we will."

"Oh, your highness," said the Snail, enviously, "what a charming existence! How flattered I feel by the honour of your conversation!"

"Do you?" said the Butterfly; "I am sorry I cannot return the compliment. I suppose in this gay attire you don't recognise the Caterpillar you once patronized and insulted?"

"The horrified Snail fairly drew into his shell with dismay, but speedily recovering his presence of mind, he began a sort of apology."

"Pray don't say another word," said the Butterfly, unfolding his beautiful wings, and preparing for flight. "Such blindness as yours is not confined to the snail tribe; there are many greater and wiser, who can find no beauty or virtue under a humble exterior. Had you been only commonly civil to me when I was a humble, crawling creature like yourself, I should not now disdain your acquaintance; but your present respect is only paid to my gay attire. You disowned me in my lowly, early days, and despised me; consequently, now my wings are grown I leave you to your own sordid pursuits, and soar far above you in the sunny air."

From an equally pleasant book<sup>1</sup> we take this picture of the deep sea world, to which has been brought a stolen mortal child.

"At first little Viola wept, for she remembered her sweet mother's face, but soon she learned to love the sea-nymphs and their Queen, and became like one of them."

"In the mornings, when the sun's rays pierced through the crystal water, and fell upon the steps of yellow marble, and into the bright hall of the palace, Coralline and Sepiola, seating themselves on either side of her, taught the child to weave the beautiful green and purple tapestry destined for the Queen's new grotto, and which was embroidered all over with seed-pearl; whilst the Queen reclined on a couch near them, issuing her orders, or telling such incidents of the previous day as were most likely to amuse little Viola, and to teach her what was good and lovely."

"When the time came to gather up the embroidery threads, and fold together the tapestry, Pearl came by on her way to the palace of green marble. Pearl was Viola's favourite friend; she was young and full of mirth and frolic: but she could be grave too. None had so sweet and sad a voice to pity the little injured fish, so gentle a hand to bind their wounds, or such patience to hear their sorrows, and Viola liked to share in her labours."

"It was a great delight to both, when their recovered favourites were able to leave the hospital and return to their native haunts. Often as they sat at work in the mornings, the little fish, grateful for so much kindness, came waving their fins, and sporting about before the steps of the palace, to catch a glimpse of Pearl and Viola, or see their Queen. Sometimes she would bid them tell her where they had travelled, and what curious things they had seen; this they thought a great honour, and sometimes had the most amusing adventures to relate, so that Viola learned to watch for the glancing of their silver scales, and the twinkling of their bright eyes, as one of her pleasures."

"The most tiresome of all the Queen's subjects were the crabs and lobsters, who were always bent on seeing and touching everything; but being too heavy and idle to swim in pace with the rest of the train, they used to hold on by their claws to the flowing robes of the sea-nymphs, thereby impeding their progress. They had very little sharp eyes, and were extremely curious; they were, moreover, very quarrelsome, and were perpetually pinching and fighting each other, especially the lobsters, who would poke their long feelers into everybody's way, and often got them

<sup>1</sup> Little Estella, and other Fairy Tales. Macmillan and Co.

broken in consequence; upon which they used to run off to the hospital in a miserable plight, and nobody but the gentle Pearl would ever have had patience to nurse them.

"The Queen used often to punish them by having them tightly wound up in sea-weeds, so that they could not use their claws; after which, they became very penitent, and were glad to be allowed to carry on their strong backs all the food and other things which Pearl needed in her labours.

"Viola used to look forward with great pleasure to the approach of evening, when Ulva came with Doris and Lorea to take her abroad with the Queen. At first, Ulva used to lift the child in her arms; but soon she learnt to ride a quiet old Dolphin, who was too old to gambol and curvet as the Queen's sea-horse did, while Doris and Lorea held the bridle-rein, and taught her to manage it."

Alack, and well-a-day! where are the fairies of our youth? We believe in them no longer. We create them no more. But Heaven forbid that they should not exist still for others, and for years to come delight the little children now growing up around us,—the dear ones unto whom we look with unutterable love and longing, praying that in them our childhood and youth may be renewed, only that they may prove infinitely better and happier than we.

But after the first craving of infantile imagination has satisfied itself with its natural food, namely, mere amusement, there usually comes a new development, without which the liveliest fancy is mere fantasy, vague, unsubstantial, and utterly insufficient for the yearnings of a human soul. This is Ideality—the nearest word we can find to express that thirst for ideal beauty and ideal good, which, more or less, exists in every immortal soul—may it not be, as the intuitive instinct of its immortality?

When the child-nature first wakes up to this, how the whole world becomes transformed, full of a glorious mystery, glowing with an unutterable beauty! How the little heart beats, and the bright eyes glisten, at tales of heroic virtue or pathetic patience! How nothing seems too mighty to achieve or to endure, in this wonderful new world, of which the gate is just opened; an

ideal earth, beautiful as Paradise, and yet it is this very earth of ours.

This is the first great crisis in youthful life. On the use that is made of it, the influences that surround it, depends frequently the bias of the whole character. Parents cannot be too careful of the books they then give their children to read, of the tone of the conversation they let them hear, and of the associates with whom they surround them. In many children, especially those of imaginative temperament, no after impression will ever efface those received at this age,—

"Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Grave womanhood and childhood sweet; "

—or manhood; who, though he

" — daily farther from the east  
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,  
And by the vision splendid  
Is on his way attended."

Therefore it is good to furnish boy, or girl either, with such strengthening food as this history, beautiful and touching as fiction, yet true as truth itself, of the old man who waited fifteen years for leave to sail from Spain in search of a New World.<sup>1</sup>

"Though each day, as they sailed on, must bring them nearer to land, yet each day the fears and conduct of the crew became worse. The signs so full of hope to the mind of Columbus did but add to the fears of the men.

"Some of them laid a plot to throw their leader into the sea, and turn back. Columbus knew of all this bad feeling, but still bore all in patience, and spoke wisely and well to each man in turn. On the 25th of September the wind was due east, and took them onwards. Once the cry of land was heard, but the daylight put an end to this fresh dream of hope. They still went on. Dolphins played around the ships, and flying-fish fell upon the decks. These new sights kept the sailors amused. On the 7th of October some of the admiral's crew thought they saw land in the west, but before the close of day the signs were lost in the air. They had now sailed 750 leagues, more than 2,000 miles, from any known land.

<sup>1</sup> The Life of Christopher Columbus. In Short Words. By Sarah Crompton. Bell and Daldy.

Flights of small birds came about the ships; a heron, a pelican, and a duck were seen; and so they went on, till one night, when the sun went down on a shoreless sea, the crew rose against Columbus, to force his return. He was firm as ever, but spoke gently, and prayed them to trust that all would yet be well. It was hard work to make them submit and obey, and the state of things for Columbus was bad indeed.

"Next day brought some relief; for the signs of land were more and more sure. They saw fresh weeds, such as only grow in rivers, and a kind of fish only found about rocks. The branch of a tree with berries on it floated past, and they picked up a piece of cane; also a board and stick, with strange things cut on them. All gloom and ill-will now cleared away. Each man hoped to be the first to see the new land, and thus to win the large reward in money which was then to be given him. The breeze had been fresh all day, and they sailed very fast. At sunset their course was due west. Every one was on the alert. No man on board the three ships went to sleep that night. When it grew dark, Columbus took his place on the top of the cabin. He was glad to be alone just on the eve of the long looked for event. His eye was keen, and now on the strain, through the deep, still, shades of night. All at once, about ten o'clock, he thought he saw a light far off. Lest hope should mislead him, he called up a man to his side. Yes—there again—it surely was a light. They called the mate. Yes; he, too, was sure of the same; and then it was gone, and soon they all saw it again. It might be a torch in the bark of some fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves, or a light in the hand of a man on shore, moving here and there. Thus Columbus *KNOWS* that land was there, with men upon it. What words can tell the joy of his brave and noble soul!"

The boy who could read this passage (told so graphically that we wish many an historian would take a lesson from Sarah Crompton's "short words") without a thrill of emotion that may give the first impulse to the chance of becoming himself a great man, must be a very common-minded boy indeed.

A less complete, and yet very pleasant book, is "*Days of Old*,"<sup>1</sup> though, as a child's book, not quite satisfactory. We should say, from internal evidence, that the writer has not so long passed the season of childhood as to be able clearly to see its requirements. She—for the style is essentially feminine—falls into the common error of

"writing down to children;" that is, of presenting the ideas of a grown-up person in the language of a child. Now the first necessity to secure the attention of little people, is to make yourself a child—not in a condescending, carefully-acted fashion, but by coming down, literally and entirely, to their level, and trying to see everything from their point of view. Their interests must be your interests, their reality your reality. It is this which forms the charm of the old-fashioned fairy tales—the exceeding gravity and verity with which they are related, the relator seeming no more to doubt than the child-readers, that Jack did really cut off all the giant's three heads; and that it was perfectly natural and probable for Puss to put on boots and converse with everybody he met in that extremely gentlemanly manner.

With this suggestion, that the author would do well to avoid "poetical" language and recondite moralizing, and study that perfect simplicity of conception, action, and diction, which is quite compatible with perfect ideal beauty, nay, forms the chief element therein, we can give warm praise to "*Days of Old*."

It consists of three tales, each illustrating a principle. The first is "Self-sacrifice." A little British child, Deva, daughter of Caswallen, or Cassivelaunus, hearing that once a brother died to save a brother, offers herself to the Druid god, hoping thereby her sick brother may be spared, and live to become a hero. The sacrifice is not completed, but she learns from Otho, a Christian convert, of "the only perfect Man and perfect Sacrifice," and recognises in Him the story of the brother who died. Less intelligible to children, we fear, and yet worked out with exceeding beauty, is "Wulfgar and the Earl," a story of pride broken by sorrow, of the will of man forced to submit itself to the will of God. The third tale, "Roland," is that of a younger brother, "the scholar of the family," with "more friends among his fellows," who, under a strong impulse, follows his elder brother to the Holy Land. There Gerard applies himself to

<sup>1</sup> *Days of Old*. Macmillan and Co.

acquire glory, and gains it; but Roland, touched by the anguish of a mother whose son had been tempted over to Saladin's camp, devotes all his energies to recover the apostate. Whom meeting at last in battle, he will not slay, preferring to be branded as a coward rather than murder the widow's son. His generosity is the sinner's redemption.

The tone and spirit of this story cannot better be shown than by extracting its conclusion, beginning with part of Roland's last conversation with the monk whose preaching had induced him to embark for the Holy Land, which he was now quitting for ever.

"These two were walking together within sight of the sea that would take one back to his own land, and separate the other from him.

"My son," the monk asked abruptly, "are you content?"

"I am."

"You have gained no renown."

"I came not for that, father."

"Nor riches."

"I did not expect them."

"What, then, have you gained?"

"A brother!"

"Yet you did not come for that. Why, then, are you content?"

"I came not for that, indeed; I came to do my own work; but God gave me His to do instead. He gave me the work, the will to do it, and the power to succeed. Have I not cause to be content?"

"This is all the story.

"Gerard went on fighting, and men called him a good soldier; and Roland went home. He took with him no golden spurs, but he had a friend and brother by his side who would never be unfaithful.

"When that generation had passed, though Roland's name was remembered, it was not as a crusader;—but Gerard's fame and prowess were talked of and sung of for many a day.

"That he, the elder brother, was 'fit for a soldier,' no one ever doubted; indeed, a tangible proof of the same remains to this day in the shape of a yellow banner laid up somewhere as a memento of the past—at least, if it does not remain to this day, it is only because it has dropped away thread by thread; for Time must have worn it a long while, and perhaps by this time has worn it out.

"That Roland was 'fit for a soldier,' no proof remains—on earth. But perhaps it is not only here that brave soldiers are known from cowards, and that mementoes of great deeds are laid up."

This book speaks for itself. It appeals instinctively to what is highest in child or man—that struggle after something better than anything we possess or behold, which, beginning in this Age of Gold, is never to be ended on earth. No matter, unto those who recognise themselves as mere travellers, bound for another Country, brighter than even the Celestial Country of which Bunyan's little readers are taught to dream. Ay, and it is good for them so to dream, and good to read stories such as this we have been quoting from, wherein the actual is elevated into the ideal, and by means of imagination the child is taught lessons of heroism, self-denial, patience, and love, the influence of which may be needed in after life, God only knows how often or for how long; until at last we cease to crave after the ideal, merely as such, and recognise in it our spirit's blind groping after that faith which is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Possessing this, need we mourn that the season is gone by, for us at least, when the glamour of imagination was over all our world, when everybody seemed so good and so beautiful, and from others as from ourselves we expected the noblest deeds, the most impossible perfections? If they have somewhat failed—and we also!—if, instead of walking this poor earth in stature greater than men, and speaking—

"With the large utterance of the early gods,"

we see ourselves and them the pigmies that we are, let us not repine; nor, because we have come short of it, let us deny the truth once ours, for it *was* the truth. If, long afterwards, some of us weary pilgrims through hard and diverse ways, should meet again, and under wrinkles and grey hairs should come to look into one another's eyes, the eyes that never change except with a changed soul, happy are we if we can still recognise there, in spite of all mutations, that the Age of Gold has never become dim—that we still believe in the same good and lovely things that we believed in when we were young.



## THE FRIEND OF GREECE

BY RICHARD GARNETT.

Βασιλεως μεγάλου Ἀρσακου φιλελληνος.

Of Arsaces, the great king, the friend of Greece.

*Inscription on a Parthian coin.*

THE friend of Greece! Fair fall the mould  
 That veiled thy stater's glittering  
 So long, to gleam forth now and hold  
 Our bosoms linked with thine, thou old  
   Barbaric king!

A thousand thousand such thy mint  
 Hath fashioned. In thy treasury  
 The classic stamp and splendid tint  
 Didst scan well pleased, without a hint  
   That one should be,

The last retirement of thy name;  
 Who didst a despot law enjoin  
 On slaves, the knee once bowed so tame,  
 Thy equal now, and all thy fame  
   This little coin?

Did Ormus bend to thee, and they  
 Of Colchis? Did thy arrow strike  
 The Indian? owned the Scyth thy sway?  
 We nothing know, and can but say—  
   'Tis very like.

This only know we, did thine blaze  
 A conqueror's sword, or not, 'tis rust.  
 If ever hosts to win thee praise  
 Contended, then their feet did raise  
   More lasting dust.

So far apart thy race was run,  
 Thy very shade half seems to be  
 The spectre of another sun.  
 But, Greece! the word is union  
   For us and thee.

The friend of Greece! Then friend wert thou  
 To sacred Art and all her train,  
 The marble life, the Picture's glow,  
 And Music and the overflow  
   Of lyric strain.

*Harper's Ferry and "Old Captain Brown."*

The friend of Greece! Then where of old  
 Anarchic Licence chariottered  
 Curbless, and famished Rapine rolled  
 Forth hordes athirst for blood and gold,  
     Thou wouldst have reared

The Muse and Pallas shrines secure,  
 Made Themis awful in her hall,  
 And life a boon God-worthy, sure,  
 Exalted, comely, cheerful, pure,  
     And rhythmical.

The friend of Greece! Fate should have let  
 Thee breathe ere yet a Greek could blush  
 For aught but love or anger! Set  
 Her sun for thee, though lingering yet  
     A heavenly flush.

Yes! beautiful before thee lay  
 Inanimate Antiquity.  
 Too late for life, yet for decay  
 Too soon, thou view'dst her. We have clay  
     And memory!

And lips which haply, do we wend  
 Mid the cold tombs of grace antique  
 May with Hellenic accents blend  
 Thy Parthian name, and call thee friend,  
     Friend of the Greek!

## HARPER'S FERRY AND "OLD CAPTAIN BROWN."

BY W. E. FORSTER.

WHEN the mail brought us the hurried telegram flashed up from the Potomac to New York, that the slaves had risen in Virginia, stopped the railroad, and captured the Federal Arsenal, doubtless the first thought of those Englishmen who cared to think about the matter was, that this was but a brave though frantic effort of a few negroes to assert their manhood, more extensive perhaps, but yet similar to the outbreak after the last Presidential election in the adjoining State of Tennessee; one of those outbreaks to be from time to time expected, especially on the border-line of slavery, where freedom looks possible and tempting,—but hopeless of success, certain to be quelled in slaughter and followed by

torture, and altogether to be regretted, except as signs that the soul of the bound Samson, though asleep, is not dead, and that he has strength which can even now shake the pillars of his prison-house. And when more detailed intelligence informed us that this was no negro-insurrection, no convulsive twitchings of the Samson, not so much a rising within the Slave States as an invasion of them from without, an attempt by whites from the North to preach liberty from the muzzle of a Sharp's rifle, then there was a general expectation that the cause of negro emancipation in the North, as well as in the South, would greatly suffer by this mode of advocacy, and that throughout the Union there

would be a reaction against the fanatical abolitionists, the monomaniacs who were thus willing to risk anarchy and servile war, for the sake of their own idea. Not only was this the expectation in England, but in America it was shared, at any rate at first, by the men whose business it is to watch public opinion—the politicians of the two great parties. The pro-slavery Democrats forthwith turned into political capital the terror which prevailed in Virginian households, and those among the free-soil Republicans whose faith was not fixed on principles were proportionately disheartened. The result, however, turned out to be precisely contrary to the hopes of the one party and the fears of the other. Instead of the radical abolitionists being avoided, or rather hunted down as anarchists, they were probably as much abused as usual, but not more so, and certainly more than ever followed and cheered. The contriver and leader of the attempt became the hero of the North; and even as regards the more temporary effect as evidenced by the ballot-box, the friends of freedom were the gainers. For instance, in the Empire State of New York, a critical and hard-fought election was hanging on the balance; the Democrats hoped to win it by eager and plausible, though unfair and unfounded, endeavours to implicate Seward, and Greeley, and other Republican leaders, as fellow conspirators with John Brown, but were astounded to find that they had lost it by the rallying to their opponents of moderate men, careless in general of politics, but voting with the Republicans just at this very crisis when they were charged with abetting assaults on all law and order.

Doubtless, the character of the man who headed this abolition raid, had much to do with this result; for it needs merely a brief description of old "Ossawatimie" Brown's doings and deportment, from his capture to his execution, to account for the daily increased sympathy and admiration for him. First, a word or two as to how he came to be called "Ossawatimie" Brown. Most of us will remember the main facts of the

Kansas struggle; how the slaveholders in Congress, hoping to win another state out of the western territory, effaced the boundary line between slavery and freedom, as fixed by the Missouri Compromise; how the free-soilers, outvoted in Congress, transferred the contest to the territory itself; and then, how their opponents, finding that they would be beaten in this contest, if fairly fought,—that the industrious emigrants from the North would quickly possess this debatable land,—incited the Missouri men, "border ruffians," as they were fitly termed, to invade Kansas, and to strive to fix its future fate by a sham election of its first legislature. The indignation throughout the North was deservedly great, and it was practically expressed by constant reinforcements of free state settlers, who came to Kansas, not on an electioneering raid, but with the intention of making it their home; many of them young, hardy men, hoping indeed to gain a livelihood out of the rich virgin soil, but also not without a spirit of adventure, and a will to use the rifle, if not allowed to use the spade, in the cause of freedom.

Among them were four sons of John Brown, who selling their farms in Ohio, and taking with them their families and farm stock, in true backwoods' fashion—located themselves, in the spring of 1855, at Ossawatimie, about thirty miles from the Missouri border. Tidings soon came to their father that his boys were in need of help. Man for man they were more than a match for the border ruffians, but they found that they had also to fight against the whole power of the Federal government. The malignant shamelessness of the conspiracy between the slave-holding interest and the Democratic party to enslave Kansas, is hardly conceivable to English readers. All his authority was used by President Pierce to enforce against the real settlers the infamous slave laws passed by the sham legislature of Missouri men. Highway robberies and midnight murders were permitted, or rather abetted, if the victims were industrious northern settlers; drunken, swearing vagabonds, whose lives had been passed in the gambling room

and the saloon, found themselves authorized in the name of law and order to commit what outrages they chose; and, most unfair of all, the regular troops of the Federal army were used to protect these ruffians in the commission of their atrocities, except in so far as their brave, blunt commander, Colonel Sumner, strained a point to disregard his disgraceful instructions.

Old John Brown, however, was not the man to desert his sons thus hard beset. He was then not far from sixty years old, of the best blood in America, —for both his grandfathers were officers in the revolutionary army, and he was sixth in direct descent from one of the band of pilgrims who, landing from the *Mayflower*, founded New England. From his youth upwards he had been a deeply religious man, and although an attack of illness had induced him to give up his original intention of pursuing preaching as a Presbyterian minister, he had made it the aim of his life to preach the Gospel by practice. He believed the Declaration of Independence, and he believed his Bible; and he carried out the principle that "all men are equal" by help of faith in those two commands to which he alluded after his sentence as his defence before God if not before man—"Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them," and "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." From the time when, a boy of ten, he had asked what there was in a black skin which made the negro boy who worked with him to be half-starved and oppressed and treated as a beast, he had made it the effort of his life to free his fellow-citizens who were in bondage, and to deliver his country from the sin and shame of slavery. In carrying out his object he was no non-resistant; he believed in fighting for liberty as truly as did Hampden or Sir Harry Vane or his own pilgrim forefathers; he was not unused to arms; in his youth he had served in the war against England, and fear was unknown to him. For a long time he had believed that to make America free would need

force as much as it had been needed in other enslaved countries. He was a hard-working, thrifty man, as able to earn dollars as any other Yankee, but of scrupulous integrity,—for instance, "refusing to sell leather till the last drop of moisture had been wrung out;"—regardless of gain for gain's sake; denying himself the commonest comforts, in order that when he made money by surveying, or wool-buying, or cattle-breeding, he might spend it in the service of his cause, especially in providing arms for the struggle to which he looked forward. To quote his own words, he was "always on the look-out for heads among the degraded coloured men; and where he saw a brow he marked its owner for future use;" and he often provided the fugitive slave not only with arms, but with brave counsel how to use them. Altogether, he was a man upon whom the slaveholders had not calculated when they concocted their "border ruffian" invasion. And yet behind this intense stern will there was a most tender heart. "When I have been ill," says his wife, "for two weeks together he has sat up, night after night, just to keep alive the fire." "Many and many a time has he bid me 'good-bye hardly able to speak for his tears.'" I have met with one incident in his life which I mention because it seems to me a key to his character. Thirteen years ago, one of his little children was burnt to death, upon which he wrote to his wife: "I trust that none of you will feel disposed to cast an unreasonable blame on my dear Ruth (one of his daughters, whose husband was killed at Harper's Ferry) on account of the dreadful trial we are called to suffer; for if the want of proper care in each and all of us has not been attended with fatal consequences, it is no thanks to us. If I had a right sense of my habitual neglect of my family's eternal interests, I should go crazy. I humbly hope this dreadful afflictive providence will lead us all more properly to appreciate the amazing, unforeseen, untold consequences that hang upon the right or

"wrong doing of things seemingly of trifling account. . . . Everything worthy of being done *at all, is worthy* of being done in good earnest, and in "the best possible manner."

The first mention I find of Brown in Kansas is his protest in December, 1855, against a temporary compromise between the Free-State men and the slaveholders. If this compromise meant that the infamous slave-laws were to be observed, he for his part, he said, "denounced them, and spat upon them, and would never obey them; no." It soon appeared he was right in protesting against all compromises, for early in 1856 the Missouri men again came over the border to control the territorial elections, and for many months there was civil war in Kansas—guerilla parties watching and harassing one another day and night, the regular dragoons looking on, and not allowed to make peace so long as it appeared probable that the pro-slavery assailants would obtain the victory. At first they were confident of success. A namesake of Brown was taken prisoner when guarding a ballot-box, and hacked to death in cold blood; the town of Laurence was sacked by ex-senator Atchison, a man who, strange to say, had been Vice-President of the Union; Ossawatimie, Brown's own village, was burnt; two of his sons were seized and driven chained under a hot sun, like wild beasts, till one of them became delirious;—and, moreover, the "border ruffians" were reinforced by bands from the older Slave States, trained and well-armed marksmen, younger sons of planters, boasting their Southern chivalry. But these caricatures of the old Cavaliers were no match for the Puritan Ironside. With nine and twenty men he followed and engaged a troop, fifty strong—the same which had seized his sons—and, after wounding seven or eight of them, he forced all those who had not run away to surrender to his much smaller force, and kept them prisoners till Colonel Sumner came in person to liberate them. It is worth noting that these prisoners, although the same

troop as that which seized his sons, acknowledged, as did afterwards his captives at Harper's Ferry, that he treated them courteously; but no wonder that we read in the newspaper correspondence of the day, that the "border ruffians hate Captain Brown" as they would a snake, though their "hatred is composed nine-tenths of fear." In August of the same year his son Frederick was murdered while walking unarmed along the road; and three hours afterwards three hundred men again attacked his village. He retreated, having only thirty or forty men with him; but in the wood close by there was a skirmish for several hours, during which he lost only three men, but his assailants thirty-one killed and thirty-two wounded. They revenged themselves by burning his village and pilfering its post-office; but this was their last exploit. During the night they decamped; and before the end of the year it became evident that, thanks mainly to "old Captain Brown," Kansas had become free.

Having thus done his work in Kansas, Brown appears to have turned himself with all the intensity of his nature to planning the attempt which has cost him his life. Both he and his friends have repudiated indignantly the statement that his attack on Harper's Ferry was prompted by revenge for wrongs inflicted in Kansas. His wife, I observe, has stated, that "for some such opportunity to free slaves he had waited not two years "but twenty;" and long ago he had startled, if not shocked, his more peaceable and prudent fellow-abolitionists, by arguing that liberty would be worth but little to the negro if not won by him; and that it was as disgraceful to a black man as to a white to endure slavery.

Insurrection, however, was neither his object nor his plan. He had no intention to incite the slaves to rise against their masters, but he hoped to enable them to fly from them. Nor was this scheme of an organized flight altogether Utopian. There is this set-off against the luxury of



possessing human chattels, that these chattels have legs which can run, and arms which can wield a bowie-knife or a rifle, and brains which are not incapable of learning how to use them. Above five hundred of these chattels cannot travel annually along the Underground Railway, as it is termed, from Slavery to Freedom, without some persons considering whether more passengers could not be obtained if tickets were disposed of somewhat more openly; and there were special circumstances which might suggest the opening of a branch to the district near Harper's Ferry with some public *éclat*. The country east of the Alleghany Mountains, and south of the Potomac, almost the oldest settled part of the Union, is densely peopled by slaves—more than twenty thousand of them being within twenty miles of the Ferry, and many of them, from their mixture of white blood, being unusually uncertain property. The free border is within thirty miles; and, above all, the mountains were close at hand, with their deep, secluded glens and dense forests, in which Brown, guided by his knowledge and experience as a surveyor, thought that he could find refuge for himself and his few assistants, and for some hundreds of fugitives, until, in the panic which would prevail, and paralyse the masters, he could provide for their escape.

Upon a small scale he had already rehearsed his plan.

In 1858 there was a renewal, or threat of renewal, of invasion of Kansas by Missouri slaveholders, to which he replied by a night visit to two planters. Waking them up, he ordered out their wagons, put their slaves into them, and, compelling the masters to accompany him, drove slaves and masters over the border. When he had got a few miles into Kansas he set the masters down, and told them they might follow him if they wished it; which they did, with some thirty or forty friends, but at a very respectful distance; and through Iowa and Illinois, under the eyes of the Federal Marshals, he conveyed safely to Canada his band of

eleven negroes (among them women and children); and, giving each of them money, and brave counsel better than money, he left them in circumstances under which they have thriven until now when their lives are clouded by the death of their deliverer.

It was necessary to Brown's purpose for him to get perfect acquaintance with the scene of its proposed execution; so, as "Isaac Smith," he took a small farm, not far from Harper's Ferry, and the neighbours thought that the wiry, active, old man, who was wandering over their hills, was a knowing gold-hunter, who might bring prosperity to their district. If, indeed, he had adhered to his original plan, and kept among the mountains, making descents upon plantations one after another, it is hard to say to what extent he might not have succeeded in freeing individual slaves. But the idea possessed him of seizing the Federal Arsenal; not so much, probably, to get arms, for he had plenty left of his old Kansas stock, but to prevent the Virginian militia and the planters generally from arming themselves. He easily succeeded in its capture; but his success was his defeat, as it shut him up in a position which it was impossible to hold, and from which, after he was once surrounded, it was almost as impossible to fly. The details of the attempt are too well known to need description. The two thousand citizens of Harper's Ferry woke up on Monday, October the 17th, to find guards on the avenues of their streets, and to learn that throughout the night their arsenal and railway-bridge had been in the hands of armed men, and that the nephew of General Washington, and others of their neighbours, were held prisoners as hostages for the freedom of their slaves. The terror was intense, spreading with exaggerated rumours even so far as Washington; nor can we wonder at this terror when we try to realize to ourselves what must be the feelings of slaveholders at such a time; but that these very feelings did not nerve all the male whites of the town to rush,

at any risk, upon the small handful of invaders, *is* surprising, and would seem to show that Brown was right in expecting that the alarm would be so great as to paralyse. At any rate, with only fifteen followers (his whole force was twenty-one, but six he had sent off into the hills), he held the unfortified engine-house of the armoury and his prisoners, though they were more in number than his own band, against not the townsmen only, but some hundreds of the militia, till Monday evening; when after a hard fight, muzzle to muzzle, the small house was stormed by ninety marines from Baltimore. No wonder that Governor Wise, who, with all his bluster, is not without some of the spirit and generosity of the Virginian gentleman of the old school, said, in his shame and vexation, that he "was ready to weep when he found the whole force overcome was so small, and that the volunteers of his own state had not captured them before the marines arrived." As it was, Brown might probably in the morning have escaped to the mountains; and he greatly blamed himself afterwards that he had not done so, saying to Senator Mason on the Tuesday, "I should have gone; but I had thirty odd prisoners, whose wives and daughters were in tears for their safety, and I felt for them. Besides, I wanted to allay the fears of those who believed we came here to burn and kill. For this reason I allowed the train to cross the bridge, and gave them full liberty to pass on;"—a fatal mistake, as this train took the news to Baltimore, and brought back the marines.

This statement, confirmed by all that he said afterwards, not only explains his capture, but exposes the weak side of his character. With remarkable power for carrying out his purpose so far as he could work with his own hands, or with those of his immediate followers his plans were liable to miscarriage, so far as they depended on correct calculation of the effect of his actions upon others. His surprise was planned with skill and executed with

promptness. Colonel Washington testified that throughout the whole of the Monday, when the odds were greatest against him, "he was the coolest and "firmest man he ever saw;" "feeling the pulse of his dying son with one hand, and holding his rifle with the other." On the other hand, it was great miscalculation to suppose that any forbearance to his prisoners, or to the townspeople, or to the railway passengers, would in the slightest degree have checked the resistance to him; or that the prisoners themselves would have been any safeguard. "Had General George Washington himself been amongst them," said Wise, "I would not to save his life have delayed the attack for five minutes." Again, had Brown followed up his plans, as described to the major of the marines, and, instead of endeavouring to hold the arsenal, "remained there but a few hours," and taken "a south-west course through Virginia, varying as circumstances required," miscalculation would probably have been evident, but in another manner.

Judging from the effect of what he did do, from the helpless panic which seized the white population, from the number of negroes who even in those few hours, though utterly unprepared, showed themselves ready to join him, and from the fact that several of the slaves got clear off in the turmoil, it appears now by no means improbable that, had he reached the "Blue Ridge" of the Alleghanies, many hundreds of fugitives would have flocked to him. How would he have controlled them? This was a question he had asked himself; for although he had no belief in those visions of outrage and murder which ever haunt the dreams of the men-owners, and although he had a firm belief that the negro is not revengeful, and that, unless driven into a corner by his pursuers, his one object would be flight, yet he was most anxious to guard against anarchy, and for that purpose he wrote out the "Provisional Constitution" which was found amongst his papers. It is impossible not to smile at the old

man's notion that any quantity of written words—anything, in short, but his own iron will and rigid sense of justice—would have availed at such a time; but his intention was by no means to set up a new government, as has been supposed, but merely to provide regulations for the rule of the fugitives; which regulations he fancied, foolishly no doubt, would be made more binding by being clothed in imposing language.

Great rashness there was in his attempt, rashness to be condemned; for though complete success would have been a justification to all who believe that liberty is worth more than life, yet the chances of failure, from both the strength of the whites and the weakness, the ignorance of the blacks, were too great; but though there was rashness, there was no madness; and indeed it is noteworthy that the imputation of insanity was made in the North, not in the South, where men's fears made them see how he might have hoped to succeed. "They are themselves mistaken who 'take old Brown to be a madman,'" said Wise. "He is a bundle of the best 'nerves I ever saw, cut and thrust and bleeding, and in bonds. He is a man 'of clear head, of courage, fortitude, and simple ingenuousness; . . . cool, collected, and indomitable.'" It is impossible, indeed, to imagine any deportment more free, not only from insanity, but from excitement, than was his, from his capture to his death. At first the Southerners gathered round him with angry curiosity, insulting him with their inquisitiveness, as though he were a caged tiger whom they might amuse themselves with stirring up; but most of them were astonished, if not awed, by his bearing into respect, or even into admiration. Lying "wounded on the floor of the 'armoury, his hair matted and tangled, 'his face, hands, and clothes smeared 'with blood,' his wounded friend by his side, his two sons and son-in-law, who were killed in the fight, hardly cold, 'he conversed,'" writes the reporter of a pro-slavery paper on the day after his capture, "freely, fluently, and cheer-

"fully, evidently weighing well his 'words,' with a 'manner courteous and affable.'"

"'What was your object in coming?' asked Senator Mason.

"*Brown.*—We came to free the slaves, and that only.

"*Mason.*—How do you justify your 'acts'?

"*Brown.*—I think, my friend, you are 'guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity—I say it without wishing to be offensive—and it would be perfectly right for any one to interfere with you so far as to free those you wilfully and wickedly hold in bondage. I do not say this insultingly.

"*Mason.*—I understand that.

"*Brown.*—I think I did right, and that others will do right who interfere with you at any time and at all times. 'I hold that the golden rule, 'Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you,' applies to all who would 'help others to gain their liberty.' Upon which a Lieutenant Stewart makes the strange remark—

"But don't you believe in the Bible?"

"*Brown.*—Certainly I do."

Another man asked him, "Did you expect a general rising of the slaves in case of your success?"

"*Brown.*—No, sir; nor did I wish it. I expected to gather them up from time to time and set them free." And a few minutes afterwards, "I have nothing to say, only that I claim to be here in carrying out a measure I believe perfectly justifiable, and not to act the part of an incendiary or ruffian, but to aid those suffering great wrong. I wish to say furthermore that you had better—all you people at the South—prepare yourselves for a settlement of that question that must come up for settlement sooner than you are prepared for it. The sooner you are prepared, the better. *You may dispose of me very easily. I am nearly disposed of now, but this question is still to be settled—this negro question, I mean; the end of that is not yet.*"

Notwithstanding his wounds, no time

was lost in bringing him to trial. It is curious to mark the conflict in the minds of the Virginian Officials between their eager anxiety to dispose of their prisoner, and their wish to obtain credit for magnanimity in giving him a fair trial. The forms of law were observed; but in England we certainly should have thought a trial for treason a mockery in which the prisoner was stretched wounded on a couch with three sword-stabs in his body and a sabre-cut on his head. But, on the other hand, judging from Southern precedents, we ought not to have been surprised if, instead of being left for trial, he had been at once torn to pieces, as several of the Southern papers regretted afterwards that he had not been. In fact, it was with the utmost difficulty that the marines saved the lives of their captives; Brown's son-in-law, Thompson, who was captured before the storming, was thrown some time afterwards half-dead into the river, notwithstanding the heroic attempt of a young Virginian lady to shield him by her person; and the volunteers, leaving the attack on the living men to the marines, employed themselves in shooting at him while drowning, and at the corpse of another man.

On the 31st October Brown was found guilty, and an arrest of judgment on the ground that he ought to have been tried by the Federal, not by the State Court, having been overruled, he was sentenced two days afterwards to be hung on the 3d December.

On being asked whether he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, he immediately rose, and, in a clear, distinct voice, said:

"I have, may it please the Court, a few words to say. In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted of a design on my part to free slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter when I went into Missouri, and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moving them through the country, and finally leaving them

"in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again on a larger scale. That was all I intended to do. I never intended murder or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make an insurrection. I have another objection, and that is, that it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved—for I admire the truthfulness and candour of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case—had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right, and every man in this Court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

"This Court acknowledges too, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed, which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament, which teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me further to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them. I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, is no wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I say let it be done. \*\*\*"

After his sentence but few friends were allowed to visit him, though to all

"of whose hostility to abolition principles there was no doubt," he was made a show; such visitors being "permitted" to enter in flocks, and gape and stare, "and follow the gaoler in and out." This coarse curiosity must have been wearisome enough, but the old soldier turned it to account. "I have had many 'interesting visits from pro-slavery persons,'" he writes to his wife, "and I 'endeavour to improve them faithfully, 'plainly, and kindly.'" But though willing to preach to slaveholders, he refused to allow them to preach to him, or to join in their prayers. One of the orthodox Virginia divines called on him to pray with him. Brown asked him if he was ready to fight, if necessity required it, for the freedom of the slave. On his answering in the negative, Brown said that he "would thank him to retire" from his cell, that his prayers would "be an abomination to his God." Mr. March, a Methodist minister, visited him, and having advanced an argument in favour of the institution of slavery as it now exists, received this reply from Brown, "My dear sir, you know nothing about Christianity: you will have to learn the A B C's in the lesson of Christianity, as I find you entirely ignorant of the meaning of the word. I of course respect you as a gentleman, but it is as a *heathen* gentleman."

His letters are so characteristic and so beautiful, I wish I had space for them all, but there is one I must give:—

"Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va.,  
"8th November, 1859.

"Dear Wife and Children, every one, —I will begin by saying that I have "in some degree recovered from my "wounds, but that I am quite weak in my "back, and sore about my left kidney; "my appetite has been quite good for "most of the time since I was hurt. I "am supplied with almost everything "I could desire to make me comfortable, and the little I do lack (some articles of clothing which I lost) I may, "perhaps, get again. I am besides "quite cheerful, having (as I trust) "the peace of God, which passeth all

"understanding' to 'rule in my heart,' "and the testimony (in some degree) of a "good conscience, that I have not lived "altogether in vain. I can trust God "with both the time and the manner of "my death, believing, as I now do, that "for me at this time to seal my testimony " (for God and humanity) with my "blood, will do vastly more towards "advancing the cause I have earnestly "endeavoured to promote, than all I "have done in my life before. I beg "of you all meekly and quietly to "submit to this: not feeling yourselves "in the least *degraded* on that account. "Remember, dear wife and children all, "that Jesus of Nazareth suffered a most "excruciating death on the cross, as a "felon, under the most aggravating circumstances. Think also of the Prophets and Apostles, and Christians of "former days, who went through greater "tribulations than you or I, and try to "be reconciled. May God Almighty "comfort all your hearts, and soon wipe "away all tears from your eyes. To "Him be endless praise. Think, too, of "the crushed millions who 'have no "comforter.' I charge you all, never "(in your trials) to forget the griefs 'of "the poor that cry, and of those that have "none to help them.' I wrote most "earnestly to my dear and afflicted wife "not to come on for the present at any "rate. I will now give her my reasons "for doing so. First, it would use up "all the scanty means she has, or is at "all likely to have, to make her and her "children comfortable hereafter. For "let me tell you, that the sympathy that "is now aroused in your behalf may not "always follow you. There is but little "more of the romantic about helping "poor widows and their children than "there is about trying to relieve poor "niggers.' Again, the little comfort it "might afford us to meet again would "be dearly bought by the pains of a "final separation. We must part, and I "feel assured for us to meet under such "dreadful circumstances would only add "to our distress. If she come on here, "she must be only a gazing-stock throughout the whole journey, to be remarked



"upon in every look, word, and action, "and by all sorts of creatures, and by "all sorts of papers throughout the "whole country. . . . Oh, Mary, "do not come, but patiently wait for "the meeting of those who love God and "their fellow men, where no separation "must follow. 'They shall go no "more out for ever.' . . . Finally, "my beloved, be of good comfort. May "all your names be written in the "Lamb's Book of Life; may you all "have the purifying and sustaining influence of the Christian religion, is "the earnest prayer of your affectionate "husband and father,

"JOHN BROWN.

"P.S.—I cannot remember a night "so dark as to have hindered the coming "day, nor a storm so furious and dreadful as to prevent the return of warm "sunshine and a cloudless sky. But, "beloved ones, do remember that this is "not your rest; that in this world you "have no abiding place nor continuing "city. To God and his infinite mercy "I always commend you.

"Nov. 9th."

"J. B.

I must give one more extract from his last letter to his family, dated Nov. 30:—" . . . I am waiting the hour "of my public murder with great "composure of mind and cheerfulness, "feeling the strong assurance that in no "other possible way could I be used to "so much advantage to the cause of good "and of humanity; and that nothing "that either I or all my family have "suffered or sacrificed will be lost. "The reflection that a wise and merciful, as well as just and holy God, "rules not only the affairs of this world, "but of all worlds, is a rock to set our "feet upon under all circumstances. " \* \* \* I bless God I never felt "stronger confidence in the certain and "near approach of a bright morning "and a glorious day than I have felt, "and do feel, since my confinement "here. I am endeavouring to return, "like a poor prodigal, as I am, to my "Father, against whom I have always "sinned, in the hope that He may

"kindly and forgivingly meet me, "though a very great way off."

But neither he nor his brave wife could bear to have no meeting, and the night before his execution they were allowed an interview of four hours. His will, which he gave her, characteristically leaves his rifle to his son Owen, who had been with him in Kansas, and "as good a copy of the Bible as could "be purchased for five dollars to each "of his children and grandchildren."

The next morning, after taking leave of his fellow-prisoners, and exhorting them to "stand up like men, and not to betray their friends," he was led to his execution, which was military rather than civil; "lines of patrols "and piquets encircling the gallows "for ten miles around, and five hundred troops being posted about them." As he stepped out of the door, a black woman, with her little child in her arms, stood near his way: he stooped down and kissed the child. "From the time of leaving gaol," writes the correspondent of the *Tribune*, "till he "mounted the gallows-stairs, he wore a "smile upon his countenance, and his "keen eye took in every detail of the "scene. He straightened himself up "proudly, as if to set to the soldiers "the example of a soldier's courage. "When asked if he thought he could "endure his fate, he said, 'I can endure "almost anything but parting from "friends; that is very hard.' And again, "'It has been a characteristic of me "from infancy not to suffer from physical fear: I have suffered a thousand times more from bashfulness "than from fear.' As he came upon an "eminence near the gallows, looking "up earnestly at the sun and sky, and "towards the distant windings of the "Blue Ridge Mountains, 'What a beautiful country you have!' he said to "Captain Avis, his gaoler, a brave, humane man, whose respect and admiration he had won; 'it seems the more "beautiful to behold because I have "so long been shut from it.'" "You are more cheerful than I am, Captain Brown," said one of those around.

"Yes," he replied, "I ought to be:" and then, "I see no citizens here. "Where are they?" He was told that citizens were not allowed to be present; none but soldiers. "That ought not to be," said the old man; "citizens should be allowed to be present as well as others." After the cap was drawn over his head and he had taken leave of all around him, there was a delay of several minutes while the military were performing some evolutions, until some of the bystanders cried shame. "Shall I give you a handkerchief and let you drop it as a signal?" asked the sheriff. "No; I am ready at any time, but don't keep me waiting needlessly," were his last words. At length the colonel of the troops gave the signal, and the sheriff himself severed the rope;—and thus ended the first American execution for treason; for strangely enough, it is said that this God-fearing, Bible-believing descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers was the first citizen of the United States who has died a traitor's death.

That such a man should thus die is a fact which has set men thinking, and which, if we look well at it, explains why the Northern pro-slavery papers so earnestly entreated their less prudent Southern friends to spare his life, and enables us to understand how the old Captain was not so far wrong in saying, in his own quaint language, that "before he began his work at Harper's Ferry, he felt assured that, in the worst event, it would certainly pay." It has paid to the profit of the cause he loved, probably far better than if he had gained his immediate object. Had his plan succeeded to the utmost of his hopes, the advantage to the negro would have been very questionable. Hundreds of slaves might have escaped from bondage; but every man throughout the Union would have had to choose between the possible encouragement of anarchy, and the support of slavery, and many of those whose aim was the same as his, might have assisted in hunting him out of his mountain fastnesses. But, as it is, the cause gains by the nobility of his motives and his

aim, and does not lose by the rashness of his means. Here is a man, honest, guileless, brave, Christian, both fearing God and fearless of man to an extent which men read of in the deeds of the heroes and saints of old, but which they feel in their own hearts it is rare enough to see—and yet this man is hanged. Why? Because he is an enthusiast; because while he lives, society in Virginia is not safe. What, then, is this social system, the peace whereof needs the hanging of such a man? A dangerous question is this last; for, when the answer is found to be, that the foundation of the framework of society in Virginia is protection of her slavery, or rather of her internal slave-trade, the next question is a very practical one: Is it worth while for the men of New England or New York to secure to the planters of Virginia the power of breeding men and women for sale, at the price of having to make a martyr of such a hero? Questions such as these are getting answered every day in the States, instinctively as it were, but surely; not merely by sympathising meetings, but by a marked change in the whole tone of Northern feeling. Readers of the *Times* must check its leaders on American affairs by its intelligence. The leader commenting on the last Presidential message, and saying that the "mass of Americans are taking a pleasure in the most offensive and cynical enunciation" of pro-slavery "dogmas," is in the same number as that which contains a letter from "our own correspondent," stating that "no free State has receded from its position of hostility to slavery; that, on the contrary, the doubtful States of New Jersey and Pennsylvania have once more given in their adhesion to the Republicans; and the State of New York, which the Democrats made a great effort to carry, has, by a decided vote, shown that it must be counted next year among the Republican States." It is true that the pro-slavery men are cynical; but this cynicism is the despair of a minority, which feels that power is slipping from

its grasp. The slaveholders of the Kentucky Legislature may emulate the absurdity of Governor Wise by demanding that a fugitive slave law for Canada be included in the next treaty with England; but Cassius Clay, Henry Clay's nephew, who has so bravely dared to be an abolitionist agitator in this same slave state of Kentucky, is every day bringing a larger number of non-slaveholders to his side. A few years ago there was no anti-slavery member of the Senate, and but one or two of the House of Representatives; now the party opposed to slavery is strong in the Senate, and the strongest in the House, and the chances are in favour of its electing the President next autumn.

One fact is quite evident, that whatever John Brown may have done towards freeing the slaves, he has done much towards freeing the millions of the free States from that subservience to three or four hundred thousand slaveholders under which they have so long been degraded. On the one hand he has shown that among the farmers of the North, and the backwoodsmen of the West, there are yet men worthy to claim descent from their Puritan ancestors; for whom, when once their spirit and their conscience are roused, the braggart and bullying slave-hunting filibusters are no match. On the other hand, he has exposed the utter weakness of the slave-system—Virginia having been as much alarmed by an inroad of twenty-two abolitionists and coloured men, as England would have been by the landing of twenty-two thousand French troops on the coast of Sussex.

And if the Northern States ever learn to feel their power in the solution of this negro question, it will have got a long way towards being solved. Let but all the free States declare, as Massachusetts practically declares now, that their soil is really the sanctuary of freedom, and shall no longer be a hunting ground for fugitives; let them but leave the slaveholders unaided by

their men, or their money, by their material or moral support, to settle this question by themselves, alone with the slaves and the non-slaveholders—the *white trash* who are every day becoming more conscious that they are paupers because the negroes are slaves,—and Virginia, and Maryland, and Kentucky, and Missouri, will find that it will not any longer do for them to be the outer wall of the prison-house; and even Mississippi and Alabama will begin to discover how cotton can be grown by free labour;—and then the whole Commonwealth of the United States will learn to honour the man who was fanatical enough to fight for an idea—that idea of Freedom of which this Commonwealth itself is but an expression—and will acknowledge that Old Captain Brown was comforted by no unfounded trust, when he wrote to his brother from his prison, "I am quite cheerful in view of my approaching end, being fully persuaded that I am worth inconceivably more to hang than for any other purpose."

Since the execution of Brown, four of his followers have been hanged—two whites and two coloured men. They all died the death of brave men, not disgracing their leader at the gallows. Two prisoners still remain to be tried, but by the Federal not by the State Court. One of these men, Hazlitt, will probably be acquitted, for he was not at Harper's Ferry, and Brown denied all knowledge of him. Surely, should the Federal authorities have the power of sparing or of hanging the other, the citizens of the free North will as one man require that the devoted follower be spared; and even the chivalry of the South may feel that by hanging five men they have done enough to satiate revenge and secure the "peculiar institution," and more than, under like circumstances, would have been done by any despotism in Europe.

## MEETING OF PARLIAMENT AND QUESTIONS AHEAD.

IN addition to the question of Parliamentary Reform, two questions are likely to be prominent in the session of Parliament now commencing.

1. There is the question of National Defences. After some twelve years of gradual rousing on the subject, the people of Britain seem at last to be thoroughly awake. That the condition, in respect of means of national defence, to which we had reduced ourselves during the long peace, was quite inadequate for the emergency of an attack by a foreign power, should it ever arise, was a pure point of military science, decided for us by an authority against which there could be no appeal—that of the late Duke of Wellington; after whose opinion, so emphatically given, all the contradictory talk that we used to hear and sometimes still hear at dinner-tables from corpulent citizens in white neckcloths—“Invasion impossible, Sir,” “Our Channel-fleet, Sir,” “We should rise as one man, Sir”—was and is but absurd civilian chatter. On that other point, on which civilian opinion might be as good as the Duke’s—the political likelihood of any such emergency as was contemplated—events have gradually dissipated the incredulity which did exist. There has been something calculated surely to impress Mr. Bright himself, and to bring to his mind (which is, after all, that of a thoughtful and cultivated, as well as of an honest and fervid man) the saying of the old English statesman, Bishop Williams:—“No man is wise who permanently opposes himself to the people of England”—in the resoluteness with which, since last session of Parliament, his countrymen have been going in the direction in which he would not wish them to go. Against the whole tenor of his preachings, the youth and middle age of Britain have been organizing a Volunteer System which promises, unless dropped through apathy, or paralysed

by pedantic Government regulations, to be the agency of a social consolidation more cordial than any which is promised even by Parliamentary Reform, and to have as large and perhaps more intimate political consequences. Government also has been, with popular consent, taking steps towards the increase of our regular defences. And now, in a spirit ready for progress in the same course, Parliament reassembles. Curiously enough, however, just as it reassembles, there comes a blast of new influence across the subject, not unlikely to cool parliamentary zeal and to give greater courage to Mr. Bright’s reclamations.

It is a wretched fact, a fact most discreditable to the political intelligence of the country, that the course of our political notions and measures has been so utterly a mere course of ups and downs in our opinions of Louis-Napoleon. As this one man has been up or down with us for the moment—and his ups and downs with us have been numerous enough in all conscience—so, as suddenly as the shoot of colour on a dolphin’s back, have our politics changed. One would think that, as Louis-Napoleon has a certain character, it might have been within the compass of science to have found out by this time what it is, so as not to be hurrahing him and licking his boot one year and the next pelting him with Billingsgate; but, at all events, that a great nation like Britain should stand for ever gaping on the watch of this one man, as on the motions of a political time-ball set up in Paris to warn us by its ascents and descents when to be active and when to go to play, is surely somewhat humiliating. Yet so it is; and just as the Parliamentary Session of 1860 is beginning, there comes an *up* of Louis-Napoleon. It was something to our timid Protestant hearts to see him at loggerheads with the Pope; but now that he has announced himself as

so far a Free-Trader there are no bounds to our joy—we are dancing and capering and turning heels over head. If he were here we could hug him for fondness; and, where he is, he hears our cry wafted over to him, "Great—yes, we were in doubt about it, but now we know it—great, very great, is Louis—Napoleon of the Parisians."

Now, as regards the two courses of action which have procured for Napoleon III. this sudden whirl of British admiration in his favour, let him by all means receive the credit to which the sincerity of his conduct—tested, let us say, by its continuance—shall entitle him. If it is Mr. Cobden that has converted him to Free Trade, let Mr. Cobden also be publicly thanked for so magnificent a feat of reasoning. But let us not go too fast, nor extend our conclusions beyond the range of the premises. There are parts of our politics which *ought* to be affected by our observations of the momentary state of the time-ball at Paris; but there are parts which *ought not* to be so affected, and this business of national defences on which we have entered is one of them. Let not this new *up* of Louis-Napoleon in our estimation—this sudden flash in our eyes of his golden side as possible Pope-crusher and incipient Free-Trader—though it has happened in the nick of time to influence our measures for self-defence, be permitted to influence them. Why should it do so? The Emperor of the French is now only in his fifty-second year; and there will be more ups and downs in our opinion of him, before we are done with him or he with us. It is to the whole range of the anomalous possibilities of his reign that our determination to an effective system of national defensive armament bears reference. Nay more, it is neither he nor his reign that is the measure of this great necessity, but the possible relations of Britain also to the France that may come after him, and, not only to France, but to other powers, including Russia, during the continuation of a period which has already been one succession of historical surprises bewildering the

shrewdest guessers, and falsifying, in particular, Mr. Bright's peace-prophecies.

2. There is the question of our Italian policy—reduced, for the present, to the question whether and how far we shall go with the French Emperor in his efforts to make an Italian settlement.

On the one hand, something might be said in favour of an attempt, at least, to go with the French Emperor. In the year 1849 we went with him, so far as distinct approbation involved us, in restoring that Pope whom he now proposes to see dispossessed of part of his dominion. We—precious Protestants and free Britons that we were—signified to him, through our Government, that we wanted, as much as he did, to see the Pope put back. This fact is not nearly so well known as it should be, and people will not believe it when they are told of it; but we could label all the old walls in London to-morrow with placards containing the exact passage of Lord Normanby's letter to Lord Palmerston—written while Lord Normanby was British ambassador in Paris, and Lord Palmerston British Foreign Minister—in which Lord Normanby declares that he had never ceased to inform the French Government that the object which they had in view in fitting out the expedition to Rome—namely, the restoration of the Pope under an improved form of government—was also that which he *had always been instructed to state was likewise that of her Britannic Majesty's Government*. Now, having been a sleeping partner with France in the transaction of restoring the Pope in 1849, we might be expected to be at least a sleeping partner with France again in mending our joint piece of botchwork. Nay, there might be less reason of decency in this instance for devolving all action on our partner, and only encouraging him underhand. It might seem rather natural for Britain even to lend a little help, if necessary, in accomplishing a result so much to her professedly Protestant mind, as that of diminishing the number of hills upon which the Pope sits. It might seem rather natural too



—if only to show our reverence for the principle of non-interference—to *do* a little, if it were necessary, to prevent Austria, Naples, &c. from forcing back tyranny upon Central Italy.

On the other hand, though the policy of mere spectatorship, criticism, and good wishes, is not a very glorious one, when the battle going on is one for principles which we account among the highest and greatest on earth, yet there are reasons which seem to recommend such a policy as, for the present at least, the wisest. The chief of these is that we are not sure of the Italian policy of the French Emperor, cannot foresee its turns and complications, and yet that the conditions of the case are such that we cannot start a purely British policy of an active kind in the Italian question, nor see the means of reaching Italy in any positive national way round the flank of the French Emperor. Our ideas of duty can only be expressed in respect of possibilities as they may arise through him and by means of him. What are these? Either the French Emperor and the Italians, keeping together, will agree upon some solution—be it the Napoleonic one of the erection of a Central Italian State, or be it the Italian one of an annexation of Central Italy to Piedmont; or (which is surely less likely now) there may yet be a rupture between the French Emperor and the Italians, and an alliance between the Emperor, the Pope, and Austria, to force some horrible compromise. This last would be felt by us an atrocious injustice, and, so far as the language of denunciation and protest went, we should clear ourselves with respect to it; but will any man say in Parliament that we should then be prepared for an active British-Italian alliance with all its consequences? On the other, and more hopeful alternative, of a continued co-operation of the French

Emperor and the Italians in behalf of a solution moderately satisfactory in the mean time, we might see our way to active help, if it were necessary; but *would* it be necessary? On the whole, when our Government did determine on taking part in the proposed, but now postponed Congress, they did perhaps all they could when, as the Queen's Speech informs us, they avowed that they would enter it only on "the principle that no external force should be employed to impose upon the people of Italy any particular government or constitution."

Seeing that so much of our best policy in any case must consist in honest *language*, whether public, parliamentary, or diplomatic, it were surely well that we should rectify our language and make it as exact to the facts, and as powerful in spirit and in principle, as it may be. Why, for example, should we go on basing our policy of neutrality, if that must be our policy, on the wretched phrase that what may take place in Italy is "no concern of ours"? "No concern of ours"! Wait a little; and, if the present agreement between the French Emperor and the Italians shall result in an attempt to tear up the Papacy, even in part, from its temporal roots in the Italian earth, and to compel it to become (as bold and conscientious English Catholics, like Sir John Simeon, maintain, even against the Pope himself, it may advantageously become) a mere power of the air, with no local or territorial attachments, swaying the hearts and consciences of men from any spot whither it may be driven, then—should a European struggle arise out of the determination of the more retrograde Catholic powers to perpetuate a central Italian tyranny as a socket for the spiritual Papacy—what may not that struggle involve, and how may it not affect ourselves, if only through Ireland?